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AUGUST 1947

The American Mercury

DIETARY FADS AND FANCIES

Wingate M. Johnson, M.D.

I WAS A "FREE" RUSSIAN

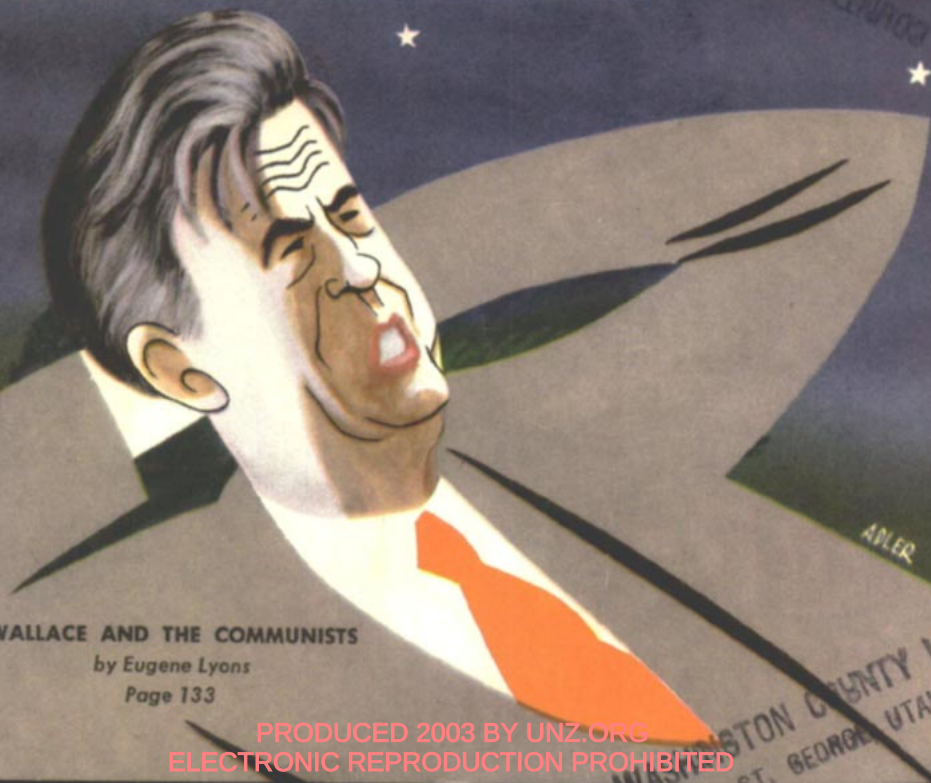
Dmitri Buligin

DETECTIVE WORK IN PRISONS

Joseph Fulling Fishman

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WALLACE AND THE COMMUNISTS

by Eugene Lyons

Page 133

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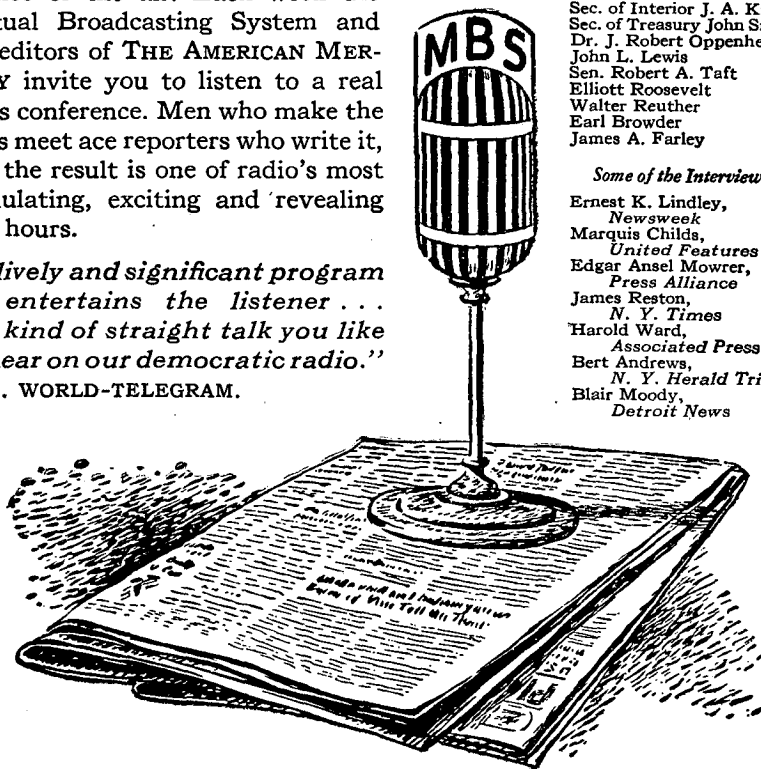
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The American Mercury

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VOLUME LXV

AUGUST 1947

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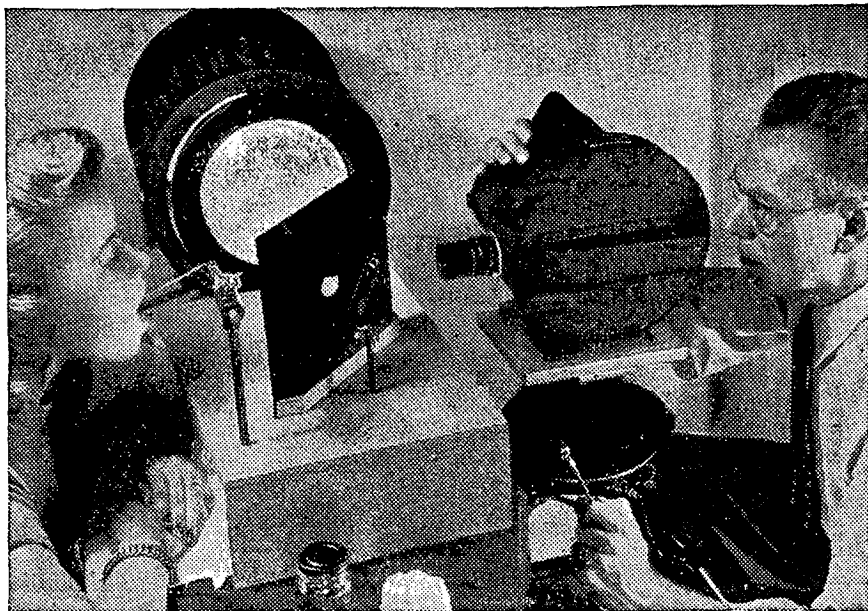
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The American Mercury

WALLACE AND THE COMMUNISTS

BY

EUGENE LYONS

AN AMAZINGLY bold game of international blackmail is being played these days, in full public view but as yet without full public comprehension.

It is directed squarely against President Truman and the Democratic party. The payoff demanded is cancellation of the so-called Truman Doctrine and return to the wartime appeasement methods of dealing with Russia — which provided a clear road for Soviet expansionism. The punishment threatened for refusal to comply is ejection from the White House in 1948. The device to be used is a third party designed to siphon off enough Democratic votes to guarantee the election of almost any Republican.

The chief instrument of this squeeze-

play is Henry Agard Wallace. He speaks, as usual, in the name of the Common Man and the Lord, as if he had incontestable mandates from both; and as usual he invests the strange enterprise with an aura of embattled idealism.

As usual, too, the problem of whether and to what degree Wallace is “sincere” in the undertaking stirs speculation.

In terms of practical effects the question is academic. What matters is that objectively Wallace has emerged as the great appeaser, the advocate of peace at any price, and as such has become one of Stalin’s principal American assets.

From a position of professed party

EUGENE LYONS was editor of *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* from 1939 to 1944. He is the author of *Assignment in Utopia*, *The Red Decade* and several other books.

loyalty Wallace has moved, in the brief period since his departure from the Truman Cabinet, to the position of a third-party menace. In September 1946, when he made the speech which cost him his job as Secretary of Commerce, he was content to lambaste our foreign policy within the limits of his Democratic status. His denials of third-party plans were vehement. But a few months after he was fired from office he was demanding reversal of our foreign policies as his price for not upsetting the Democratic appletart in 1948.

At first there were broad ambiguities in Wallace's utterances on this score, and perhaps in his mind as well. He played variations on the theme that if the Democrats became "a war party, a party of reaction," drastic steps would have to be taken. But he did not specify the steps too clearly. Not until his Washington address of June 16 did he make a clean-cut commitment to head a third party, and even then he left the door open to conciliation — on his own terms.

But there have been no ambiguities in the Communist version. Stalin's American agents have been nursing the third-party threat ever since they dropped their wartime line of cooperation with the government for a tough ultra-revolutionary line. That change, marked by the fall of Earl Browder and the rise of William Z. Foster as Communist Party chief, also ended the long collaboration with the Democratic administration. The idea that both major parties are equally reac-

tionary, that an independent "progressive" party is essential, became dogma for the faithful.

A plenary meeting of the National Committee of the Party in the middle of 1946 laid down the line. Political developments, it said, "made it incumbent upon . . . us Communists *more effectively to promote the movement for a new people's party.*" The italics were used in the official report of the meeting, which even then pointed hopefully to Wallace as the most desirable "front" for the "people's party." Noting the sad fact that Wallace was "honest but confused" — his confusion evidenced specifically in the circumstance that he took "sharp issue with the concept of a trend toward a third party" — the Committee declared that he "must be shown" the error of his thinking.

The point is that the Communists, directly and through their fellow-traveling satellite groups, were talking third party long before Wallace was available to carry their banner of revolt. They did not climb on his bandwagon; he climbed or was pushed on to theirs. They certainly showed him, just as the plenary session had ordered.

The third-party technique of political vengeance is not exactly a Communist invention. But in the present instance the initiative in its use to badger Truman was taken by the Communists who, we may be sure, will keep the driver's seat. Every effort will probably be made in the months ahead to erase the memory of this fact — to make it appear that the

Communists attached themselves to "the Wallace movement," and thus to conceal the truth that essentially they are the all-important core of the Wallace movement.

Those who engineered Wallace's anti-American tour in Europe and have been packing his domestic mass meetings were aware of the strategy involved sooner and better than he was. At a time when he was still stammering in embarrassment under direct questioning on the third-party issue, the Stalinist press here was significantly frank and explicit.

Referring to the "if" in Wallace's threats, the Communist weekly *New Masses* (June 3) declared: "The 'if' has actually become absolute. Both major parties *are* conservative — or more accurately, reactionary." At the same time a Washington dispatch in the *Daily Worker*, official organ of the Communist Party, summed up the Wallace position in an authoritative tone:

If the Democratic Party is a war party, he will bolt in 1948. If he can help the cause of peace by organizing a third party, he will do so, he said. He still hopes — small though the hope may be — that the Democratic party can return to its liberal Roosevelt policies, and he is working in this direction. But if it proves a forlorn hope, Wallace has made it clear he is ready to work with labor and a united liberal movement for a new party alignment.

In Communist semantics, of course, the administration will remain a "war party" hostile to "the cause of peace" so long as it opposes Soviet aggression

and unilateral action. "Return to liberal Roosevelt policies" means return to the techniques of concession and appeasement vis-à-vis Russia.

Such is the Moscow blackmail scheme to which Wallace is lending himself. Possibly he is gambling only for a decisive rôle in the 1948 convention. But those who manipulate him are gambling for more — for American neutrality, or even connivance in the Soviet drive to dominate the Eurasian continent. Through them Moscow has served notice to the President: *Behave or we'll use Wallace to drive you out of the White House.*

II

Stalin's American agents are too realistic to expect their gamble to succeed in full. Such developments as the Red *coup* in Hungary and Tito's move for a Balkan bloc, they know, make full retreat from the Truman Doctrine impossible. But, after all, they risk nothing but the remnants of Wallace's political reputation and career.

At worst, a "progressive" Communist-dominated third party would have nuisance value nationally and a chance for balance-of-power control in some areas. The effective bargaining power of the Communist-dominated American Labor Party in New York provides a tempting pattern for national application.

The most forthright statement of this general strategy will be found, naturally, in the Communist press rather than in Wallace's *New Republic*. The *New Masses* article already

quoted, entitled "Third Party in '48?," draws the picture clearly:

The essential question before the American people is not whether it is possible to reelect a President who in some respects may be slightly less vicious than his Republican opponent. It is whether it is possible for the people to fashion a political party and Presidential ticket of their own — a party which, while it may not succeed in winning power on its first try, will nevertheless become a power, capable of influencing whatever administration takes office and capable, moreover, of achieving its highest goal in 1952.

In support of this bid for power the *New Masses* cites a Gallup poll on the question: "If a third party is formed in this country by Henry Wallace, Claude Pepper, the CIO and other labor groups, do you think you would vote for this party?" Ten per cent answered in the affirmative. "Ten per cent of the electorate in 1944 would have been a little under 5,000,000 votes," the *New Masses* argues; "5,000,000 votes to start with is a very substantial number . . . enough to be the balance of power in most national elections."

Whatever doubts there may be about this specific arithmetic, there are none about the political logic back of it. Millions of Americans are, indeed, ready for an organized appeal to their appeasement and isolationist instincts. They yearn for peace at any price and flock hopefully to hear any demagogue who shouts peace.

The problem, for an ambitious politician, is to translate this amorphous emotion into organization and

votes. And the Communists offer an organizational scaffolding through "front" setups like the Progressive Citizens of America (PCA), the left wing of the CIO, the American Labor Party, and that small but loud and zealous aggregation typified by a large percentage of the *Nation-New Republic-PM* readers.

There is no longer any margin for doubt that Henry Wallace has chosen to play with this coalition. It is hard to believe that he had planned to go so far or so deep when he threw in his lot with the most rabidly pro-Soviet contingent in the country. At the time it merely seemed smart politics. Probably some of his immediate associates still see secret passages of escape should the Communist alliance become too dangerous — in the event, let us say, of a definitive break with Russia. The rest must know by now that they have been trapped, like so many others before them who thought they were "using the Communists."

While Wallace has the vague support of a large body of dissatisfied people, he does not control directly any single group sufficiently cohesive to provide the things that count in an election: the money, the planned propaganda, the local political machinery. Even the PCA, of which he is the spiritual leader, can jettison him without the slightest difficulty — and *would* if he defied his Communist allies on any important point.

Except for a dwindling and un-

popular minority in the CIO, organized labor, being more consciously anti-Communist than some capitalists, has gone sour on Wallace. The forthright attack on his foreign-policy line recently by David Dubinsky, head of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union, is a case in point. At the same time more and more New Deal liberals — including such glamor names of the Roosevelt era as Harold Ickes, Leon Henderson, Mrs. Roosevelt herself — have broken with Wallace on the Communist issues. Their newly formed ADA (Americans for Democratic Action), which is in business in direct competition with the PCA, has closed its doors on him with a bang. Said an ADA statement:

We do not agree with Mr. Wallace's views that liberals can cooperate with American Communists. . . . We believe Mr. Wallace is dangerously confused and misrepresented important international issues at a time when it is more urgent than ever before that those issues should be the subject of sober clarifying debate.

Under the circumstances, what is left to Wallace? The only solid political base at his disposal is the pro-Soviet totalitarian left, and that is available strictly on its own terms. He has only the choice of remaining a prisoner of the Stalinist fifth column or retiring from politics. One does not have to resort to the astrologists, numerologists, Yogis and Tibetan seers with whom Henry has associated to prophesy that he will not retire from politics.

It is because the Communists are

convinced that they have the upper hand in the alliance that they can afford to be so outspoken in discussing strategy and laying out a course for Wallace to follow. If they were less sure that they had him "sewed up," the Soviet press at least would be more circumspect in prescribing for America. There is a certain contempt for Wallace in the candor with which a Moscow monthly, *World Economy and World Politics*, recently blurted out some advice to American "progressives" — and Moscow advice is tantamount to marching orders for the American comrades. Formation of a third party, it told them, is "an urgent necessity."

To suppose that Wallace still doesn't know whom he is working for, and to what noble ends, is to make him out incredibly obtuse.

III

The Communist blackmail play is so obvious that one wonders why any eminent American should consent to serve as its instrument. Certainly such docile acceptance of an ambiguous rôle doesn't jibe with the popular image of Wallace as a man of principle — often confused, always awkward, deficient in political "it" (as Roosevelt once put the matter), but withal childlike, noble, honest and valorous in defense of the truth.

Political adversaries and editorial writers are today less prone to begin with the premise of Wallace's crystalline rectitude. They find it increasingly difficult to square the shining

image with the reality of his defense of the Russian despotism and his association with the Communists.

There is no call to undervalue the continuing effectiveness of the Wallace legend, since legends are by definition immune to logic. But at least three recent episodes have helped to speed up the process of disenchantment.

The first was Wallace's pathetic surrender to mob sentiment in the Madison Square Garden meeting of September 12, 1946; the meeting which led to his removal from the Cabinet. He faced that night a Communist-packed audience which cheered his wildest attacks on the USA and jeered his mildest strictures on the USSR. What a dramatic opportunity for plain talking that would have presented to a leader with guts! But Wallace, as the press reported next morning, "dropped whole sentences from the prepared text of his speech" to appease the pro-Soviet crowd. They were, of course, sentences implying that the Soviet behavior was less than perfect.

He did this, he said subsequently, because he "felt he had been booed enough" and "didn't see any particular point in making a riot." But the spectacle hardly fitted into the picture of a valiant defender of the truth, especially when he failed to reprimand his booing admirers in the months that followed, when he might have done so without fear of catcalls or riots.

The second episode was, of course,

his controversy with Bernard M. Baruch. In a reckless attack on the Baruch Plan for international atomic control, Wallace had made a number of palpable misstatements. Confronted with the facts by Baruch in private, he admitted his errors and agreed to make a public retraction. Then, presumably under pressure from his advisers, he not only reneged on the agreement but proceeded to reprint the attack with not one of the misstatements corrected. Even his more friendly critics couldn't reconcile this with the myth of a confused but intellectually honest idealist.

The third development, and the one most damaging in its effects on the Wallace legend, was his talking tour through Europe. It is one thing to denounce your country's methods and motives at home, quite another to do so abroad and under the auspices of the most notoriously anti-American elements.

Though the memory of his attacks on "British imperialism" was still fresh, Wallace launched his European misadventure with all-out praise of British policies, especially as contrasted with the selfish duplicity of his native land. British comment was shocked and embarrassed, the American reaction explosively angry. After that inauspicious start, the tour went from bad to worse.

Non-Communist sponsors tricked into signing his invitation to France hastened to withdraw their names. Each day he revised or retreated from statements made the day before.

Having gone all out in denouncing the Truman Doctrine, he backtracked with assurances that his policy differences with the President were "not very great" after all. Tributes to socialism in one place were balanced with kind words for free economy elsewhere. And when all else failed — both in Paris and in Washington on his return — he resorted to his characteristic trick of blaming the reporters.

It is not easy to trace the man of principle, let alone elementary candor and consistency, in such shenanigans. The entire Wallace record is in for a rehauling in a frankly debunking mood. It will show — as reappraisals of the man by Frank R. Kent and Dwight Macdonald amply indicate — that his recent behavior does not represent a new phase, or a sudden deterioration, in Wallace's character but that it is, on the contrary, quite typical.

IV

The most striking refutation of the fiction of Wallace's untarnished rectitude, however, is also the one most relevant to his current third-party activities. It is provided by his undeviating apologetics for the Soviet police state.

This cannot be charged off to mere confusion and misguided love of humanity. For one thing, it is too contemptuous of the sufferings of the Russian segment of humanity. For another, his blind spots in this area happen to be too neatly utilitarian.

We need only suppose that he were suddenly disillusioned about "Soviet democracy" and the peaceable nature of the Kremlin's foreign policies to realize that it would leave him politically naked and homeless. The audiences which now yell "Wallace for '48!" would instantly melt away; except for a sprinkling of eager pacifists and isolationists, they are fervently pro-Soviet audiences.

Wallace, it should be recalled, did not champion the Soviet dictatorship when it was most unpopular and unprofitable. At that time he bracketed Communism, as a matter of course, with fascism and Nazism. He made no exception for Stalin's régime when he declared, as late as 1941, that "the essence of democracy is belief in the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man and the dignity of the individual soul."

It was only after Soviet Russia became an ally, only when uncritical praise of Stalin's superior "democracy" became popular and respectable, that the great light dawned on him.

In sticking to that new-found enthusiasm, Wallace was following the line of least resistance, considering the political milieu in which he enjoyed most influence. It took no courage whatever for him to extol the Kremlin and apologize for its dynamic aggressions. On the contrary, in his case it was truth-telling that would have required genuine moral stamina.

Wallace has consistently distorted the basic facts of Soviet reality. He

has stubbornly refused to face up to slave labor, police government, the real nature of Soviet trade unions, the reign of terror in countries grabbed by the Communists. The point, however, is not simply that he has been grievously "mistaken" on the Soviet realities. It is that he runs away from the facts and remains impervious to common sense on this issue.

His passionate concern for justice, freedom and spiritual values stops with suspicious abruptness at the Iron Curtain. Quick to detect a mote in the American or British eye, he remains remarkably blind to the beams in the Soviet eye. The "imperialist" implications of American help to Greece or the sale of American weapons to Latin-American countries move him to righteous rhetoric; but when Russia takes over countries lock, stock and barrel, when Russia equips the armies of its satellite neighbors, he gives no sign of awareness, let alone alarm.

The key to Wallace's jumble of information about Soviet affairs is that it is highly *selective*. Somehow he knows all the favorable facts but remains conveniently ignorant of the encircling horrors. Clearly he doesn't allow himself to know more than is good for him.

Wallace, after all, had no trouble identifying the totalitarian evil under labels other than red. "The greatest likelihood of remaining at peace," he said in April 1941, "is to make these ruthless . . . nations under-

stand that the American people are ready to go to war if their rights are transgressed at any vital point." A year later he declaimed that the world cannot remain "half slave and half free."

What he saw so clearly in relation to Nazi Germany, he doesn't see at all in relation to Russia. He is still immensely discerning when Franco's Spain or Perón's Argentina or even monarchist Greece, is in question. It is only the Bolshevik variants of totalitarianism, whether in Russia or Yugoslavia, in Korea or Hungary, that are outside the range of his mental vision and human sympathies.

He cannot avoid, of course, an occasional mild criticism of the Kremlin. His restraint is amazing in the context of his unbridled attacks on American motives and methods. But these mild strictures make his totalitarian friends smile. "I do not agree with Mr. Wallace when he says that the Soviet Union is an imperialist power like the United States," Marshal Tito told Johannes Steel in an interview reported only in the Communist press. Then Tito added understandingly: "But perhaps Mr. Wallace said this for tactical reasons."

The Yugoslav puppet dictator hit the nail on the head. Insofar as the USSR and its foreign extensions are concerned, Wallace's alleged opinions reflect tactical needs rather than honest beliefs. He is not the author of the strategy in which he is so deeply involved but its tool.

DIETARY FADS AND FANCIES

BY WINGATE M. JOHNSON, M.D.

A STORY has been told of the celebrated Dr. Janeway concerning the time that a younger colleague referred a patient to him for examination. After the great internist had looked the man over, offered his diagnosis, and outlined a treatment, the patient asked what he should eat. "Eat anything you want," replied Dr. Janeway, "except creamed oysters." Overwhelmed with admiration at this perspicacity, but too awed to ask any more questions, the patient later inquired of his own doctor how any man could be such a genius as to know that a perfect stranger could not eat creamed oysters. The lesser medical light was honest enough to admit his own ignorance, but volunteered to ask the eminent one at the next opportunity. Dr. Janeway's reply was, "I ate some myself the week before and they damn near killed me!"

This answer illustrates the basis for much of the advice given about diet. Doctors and dietitians, both amateur and professional, are apt to be influenced by their personal bias in telling their patients what to eat and what to

let alone — or, to make a poor pun, what to chew and what to eschew. It is fortunate for the human race that it can adapt itself to a wide variety of foods. Vegetarian faddists long ago demonstrated that meat can be dispensed with for a time, at least. More recently Stefansson and his companions lived for nine months in the Arctic regions on meat alone. When the suggestion was made that the intense cold and their strenuous exercise enabled them to utilize more meat than would have been possible under ordinary conditions, he and his companions lived for a year in New York on an exclusive meat diet, with no increase in their usual amount of exercise. Complete physical examinations, before and after the experiment, indicated that they were in rather better condition at the end of the year than at its beginning.

The chief lesson to be drawn from the vegetarians and the meat-eaters is the great adaptability of the human digestive apparatus. This quality serves us well from birth. It is doubtful that the population of our country would continue to increase if infants

WINGATE M. JOHNSON, M.D., is the editor of the *North Carolina Medical Journal* and professor of clinical medicine at the Bowman Gray School of Medicine of Wake Forest College, N. C. This article forms a chapter in his forthcoming book, *The Years After Fifty*.

were not able to remain alive and in good health on a very wide variety of artificial feeding.

PROTEINS

In spite of Stefansson's experience, there has been considerable prejudice against meat — the chief source of protein — as an article of diet. The medical profession can justly be charged with part of the blame for this prejudice. Because an attack of gout may be precipitated by overindulgence in meat, it was long customary to restrict the intake of meat — especially red meats — for all patients with any form of arthritis. Many doctors forbid meat for patients with hypertension due to any cause. One medical institution in particular, which has branches scattered over the country, is permeated by a peculiar taboo against meats. The patients who go to this type of sanatorium are so thoroughly indoctrinated with the belief that vegetarianism is the straight and narrow dietetic path to physical as well as spiritual salvation that, with true missionary zeal, they try to convert all their friends.

The word protein, it may be recalled, means "primary; holding first place." While younger and more active individuals need relatively larger amounts of protein, even an older person, unless for some reason his doctor has advised a low-protein diet, should have at least one serving of meat or eggs a day and two or more glasses of milk. Other sources of protein are cheese, peas, soy beans and

peanuts. Small amounts of protein are to be found in whole wheat flour and whole grain cereals.

As people grow older they are apt to become more "finicky" about their diet, particularly if they lack sufficient teeth to provide satisfactory mastication. As the carbohydrate type of food is easily chewed, it is natural that it should come to occupy too large a place in the diet. Many older people really suffer from protein deficiency, and are greatly benefited by an adequate intake of this important dietary essential.

CARBOHYDRATES

Carbohydrates are found in foods that contain sugar and starch, such as bread, cake, candy or other sweets, cereals, and certain vegetables, such as corn, beets and potatoes.¹ Carbohydrates are readily utilized by the muscles as a kind of fuel, and so serve as a quick source of energy. The late Dr. Harvey W. Wiley once boasted that he had been responsible for a championship Harvard football team by advising the coach to have each player put a lump of sugar in his mouth just before going into action. (Evidently this advice has been forgotten or ignored within recent years.)

¹ Note to Southerners: Sweet potatoes not only have a higher carbohydrate content than do Irish potatoes, but they rank much higher in vitamin content. Both contain about the same amount of vitamin B, but sweet potatoes have a large amount of vitamin A and a respectable amount of C. Irish potatoes have less C and virtually no A.

Not many individuals past fifty, however, take enough exercise to entitle them to an extra ration of sugar — or of carbohydrate in any form. A reasonable amount of carbohydrate is needed in an adequate diet, but the average American, especially if he is past middle age, needs to be discouraged rather than encouraged in the use of this element of his diet.

A very powerful objection to the excessive use of carbohydrates is that it predisposes to diabetes. Most diabetics are recruited from the overweight class, and it is undeniable that sugars and starches in excess will put weight on almost anybody who does not take a great deal of exercise. Furthermore, there is some evidence that the continued ingestion of large amounts of carbohydrates may depress the cells in the pancreas which secrete insulin (the anti-diabetic hormone). Americans generally eat too much carbohydrate food, and, for reasons that have already been mentioned, older people are apt to err in this respect even more than the younger generation.

FATS

Fat in the diet serves at least three functions: (1) It delays the emptying of the stomach, and hence prolongs the feeling of satisfaction that follows a meal. It is for this reason that individuals with peptic ulcer are often advised to add cream to the milk which they drink for their between-meal feedings. In an individual whose stomach naturally empties slowly, this

property of fat might be undesirable.

(2) Fat stimulates the gall-bladder to empty the bile that is concentrated and stored for use in digestion. (3) Fats, especially those from animal sources, provide large amounts of vitamin A. (So do yellow vegetables and some of the green variety.)

Recently there has been considerable controversy over the relative merits of butter and the vegetable fat in margarine. It is a tribute to the political power of minority pressure groups that a huge intranational protective tariff has been levied on margarine, in spite of scientific evidence that the very simple procedure of adding vitamin A concentrate makes it the dietary equal of butter.

What was said of carbohydrates can also be said of fats: that most Americans, especially those past middle age, are apt to eat too much rather than too little of them. An excess of fat in the diet predisposes to obesity, with its attendant evils. There is also considerable evidence that overindulgence in fats may lead to an elevated blood pressure, and some competent observers believe that fats hasten arterial degeneration.

It is to be hoped that the reader will not conclude that fats and carbohydrates have no place in the diet of the older person and that proteins alone should be eaten. Both carbohydrates and fats, however, are available in so many forms that the average individual will almost certainly get his quota of them in any diet that is at all adequate. Furthermore, the fore-

going paragraphs were written much in the spirit of the older minister who, in giving advice to a very young one, said: "When it comes to the doctrine of eternal damnation, don't dilute it any; your congregation will do that for themselves."

VITAMINS

Renewed interest in diet has been brought about by the discovery of the vitamins. While their recognition is of prime importance in dietetics, it is unfortunate that they have been exploited beyond all reason by various commercial houses. Constantly, by means of the radio and advertisements in newspapers and magazines, we are reminded of the dangers of failing to get our daily quota of vitamins and are urged to safeguard ourselves and our families by purchasing So-and-So's Superconcentrated Vitamin Pills. Actually, Mother Nature is so lavish with the essentials of life that any normal person who eats a diet even fairly well balanced is in no danger of suffering from lack of vitamins. A thought worthy of emphasis has been well expressed by McCollum and Simmonds: that, with the exception of vitamin D, "the place to get vitamins is in the market, in the grocery store, from the milk man and from the garden, and not from the drug store."

The above paragraph is not intended to mean that vitamin concentrates have no place in medicine. There are some conditions in which vitamins are not absorbed properly from the digestive tract, or in which,

for one reason or another, the system needs an extra supply. In such cases supplementary vitamins are needed and will probably be prescribed by one's doctor. Some of the vitamins also have certain desirable side-effects, apart from their nutritional value. For example, the vasodilating property of nicotinic acid (which causes rather unpleasant flushing when taken on an empty stomach) has been found to give relief from the familiar "crick in the neck." This same vitamin is also effective in the condition known as "trench mouth," particularly in the acute form. Large doses of vitamin A have been found useful in the treatment of certain skin diseases, and especially in relieving the dry, itching condition of the skin often seen in old people.

As more is learned about the vitamins, it is probable that their use will be extended still further, and perhaps their abuse will be lessened. A point worth emphasizing, however, is that one should depend on his doctor to tell him when he needs extra vitamins, and which ones he should take.

FOOD FADS

All the publicity that has been given the vitamins, and the stress that has been laid upon the importance of a balanced diet have made the public diet-conscious to an unfortunate degree. With the specters of pellagra, rickets, scurvy, anorexia, diabetes, eczema, asthma, dandruff, and various other ailments threatening him if he doesn't consume his daily quota

of vitamins, it is no wonder that the average citizen falls easy prey to any of the army of quacks who pretend to point the way to health through eating. It has already been noted that the human body is remarkably able to burn almost any kind of fuel for a time at least, and therein is the explanation for the success of so many of the quacks who specialize in food fads. It must be admitted, also, that not all the faddists are outside the pale of the medical profession. A "diet list" is almost an essential in rearing children, and is helpful in treating many diseases of adult life; but the typed list is so impressive to the average layman that there is a temptation to use it unnecessarily, for its psychic effect alone.

Certain articles of food, wholesome in themselves, have been so unduly exalted by dietitians and doctors that their use has become a fetish. It is thought almost immoral nowadays to rear a child without his quota of spinach, and carrots are considered indispensable to health as well as to beauty. As a matter of fact, there are a number of other vegetables that may easily be substituted for both of these household gods.

DIETARY FANCIES

Many people are unwitting victims of dietary fancies. How often do we hear such expressions as "I can't eat fish," or "I can't drink milk," or "I never could learn to like spinach"—or cabbage or eggs or what not. Often the victim of such fancies fully ex-

pects to become nauseated by the article in question—and he is seldom disappointed. Stefansson, in *The Friendly Arctic*, said that until he was 27 years old he thought he could not eat fish. He admitted that he might have learned sooner "if it had not formed such an excellent topic of conversation."

It is true that there are rare cases of actual allergy to certain foods. Every pediatrician of experience occasionally has under his care a baby who breaks out with great wheals and perhaps vomits violently when given his first taste of egg; but most of these babies will acquire a tolerance for the offending food if it is given to them in very small amounts at first, and gradually increased. The great majority of food fancies, however, are purely imaginary, and can be overcome by the exercise of sufficient will power.

Many of these fancies amount to superstitions, such as the widespread belief that fish and milk eaten together are "poisonous." During my interne days, we were served fish every Friday for dinner. With most of the other young doctors, I washed my fish down with two or three glasses of milk—and can testify that they mixed perfectly.

The idea that certain "combinations" of foods are either helpful or harmful is exploited widely by certain quacks, who wax financially fat on human credulity. One man with a large following, for instance, condemns the age-old custom of eating

meats and starches in combination. Other food faddists insist on foods being eaten raw. This list of the varieties and subvarieties of quacks might be lengthened indefinitely, but it would be dreary reading.

DIETING

Perhaps the most dangerous dietary fad just now is limited almost entirely to the fair sex — that of dieting to get thin or to remain so. Like many other faults, it is the shadow of a virtue. Unquestionably, of the two extremes, leanness is preferable to obesity. I have often remarked that the practice of medicine would be made much easier if I could persuade my male patients to diet more and my female patients to diet less. If the ladies would only use discretion in the matter, and would not diet to the point of emaciation, they would deserve to be congratulated upon their will power — and their husbands and sweethearts might well follow their lead. It seems that no amount of persuasion, however, will make them listen to reason.

Some years ago the late Dr. S. Adolphus Knopf pointed out that the morbidity and mortality from tuberculosis were much greater among young women than among young men of corresponding ages. He attributed this fact chiefly to the "almost insane desire of so many of them to have a slender figure." Other penalties of excessive skinniness are kidneys made movable or "floating" by absorption of their bed of fat;

digestive disturbances caused by the sagging down of the stomach and intestines; anemia resulting from malnutrition; and excessively low blood pressure with its attendant weariness.

Much worse than self-induced skinniness, however, is the accumulation of a great excess of fat on the body — especially after middle age. Beyond serving as insulating and packing material, fat has no useful purpose in the body, but instead acts as a parasite. Its nutrition throws a tremendous extra burden on the heart, and the elimination of its waste products adds greatly to the work of the kidneys and bowels. Any insurance man will testify that the obese person is an undesirable risk. Even more important than the lessened life expectancy, however, is the sacrifice of some of the zest of living. To carry around the extra load of fat is really burdensome and fatiguing. The large meals usually consumed tax the digestion, depriving the brain of part of its quota of blood and thus lowering its efficiency.

More than a hundred years ago William Beaumont, a young army medical officer, took advantage of an external opening made by a gunshot wound in the stomach of a French-Canadian soldier, Alexis St. Martin, to study the physiology of digestion. Most of his observations, made patiently over a period of nearly ten years and recorded in a slim volume, are accepted today. One of the wisest of them was as follows:

There appears to be a sense of perfect intelligence conveyed from the stomach to

the encephalic center, which, in health, invariably dictates what quantity of aliment . . . is naturally required for the purposes of life. . . . It is not the sense of *satiety*, for this is beyond the point of *healthful* indulgence, and is nature's earliest indication of an *abuse* and *overburthen* of her powers to replenish the system. It occurs immediately previous to this, and may be known by the pleasurable sensation of *perfect satisfaction, ease and quiescence of body and mind*. It is when the stomach says *enough*, and is distinguished from satiety by the difference of the sensations — the former feeling *enough* — the latter, *too much*.

It is far easier to prevent the "middle-age spread" by learning to stop eating when the point of satisfaction is reached than to eradicate it after it has made its appearance. Even if one has already acquired a paunch and jowls, however, he can gradually regain some of his youthful figure by reducing his intake of food and by simple calisthenics. There are numerous tables of the caloric values of foods to be had for the asking. By using these tables and reducing his daily intake to between 1200 and 1800 calories, one can lose steadily and rapidly enough. Remember, however, to include in your diet the protective foods — milk, green vegetables, and some fruit. Milk may be skimmed, yet will still contain its quota of vitamins (except vitamin A) and calcium.

Except in the rare case of the in-

dividual who is very thin or very fat because of some glandular disturbance, most people have it within their own power to keep their weight within proper limits. Our flapper fanatics have proved, with determination worthy of a better cause, that it does not require an exceptionally high degree of intelligence to reduce and to stay reduced by attention to diet. The sensible path for the great majority of us is to keep in the middle of the road, avoiding either extreme. For men and women under twenty-five years of age, a few pounds extra are desirable. The further beyond that birthday one gets, the more a slender figure is to be desired; for the specter of tuberculosis begins to recede, and the diseases to be dreaded are diabetes, high blood pressure, hardened arteries, and damaged kidneys. Over-feeding is a cordial invitation to all this group.

The soundest advice which can be given concerning diet is to eat temperately of a balanced diet at regular intervals and under the most pleasant surroundings possible. The lapse of three centuries has not lessened the wisdom of Bacon's observation: "To be free-minded and cheerfully disposed at hours of meat and of sleep and of exercise, is one of the best precepts of long lasting."

THE DEEP ONE

A STORY

BY ED McNAMARA

WE LIVED in the apartment next to the Hogans and over ten thousand cups of tea I heard my parents wonder over Mr. Hogan.

"And why wouldn't Jamesy Hogan be the wildest boy in the neighborhood?" mother demanded. "And Eileen a scamp in her own right. Do they not have the quietest mouse of a father?"

My father shook his head. "Ah, but he's a deep one, that Hogan. Never a word out of him but he's up to something just the same, mark my words."

Mother sniffed. "He's up to nothing but making a fool of himself. He lets his family walk all over him. The man has no gumption."

Father wiped his hands on his suspenders before picking up his cup of tea. "What could any man do with a woman like Mrs. Hogan?" he asked.

"That flannel-mouth!" mother said. "Spends half her day leaning out the window and the other half gossiping all over the neighborhood and never a lick of house work done! Hogan should take the broom to her."

Father got up. "And she weighing

two hundred pounds and he one hundred and fifteen! Hogan's a fine man and a good friend."

Father took the checkerboard off the kitchen cabinet and stalked into the parlor. Mother shook her head.

"He and Hogan have been playing checkers for the past fifteen years," she said. "I've never heard that Hogan open his mouth to say more than 'thank you, I think I will have another beer.'"

"And he hasn't won a single game of checkers from father in all those years," I said wonderingly. "Why does father think so much of him?"

"That's why," mother said, staring into the leaves at the bottom of the cup to see what fortune they might hold.

But she was quite nice to Mr. Hogan when he came in a little later for his checker game with father. You couldn't help but be nice to him. He was a neat little man, with a crisp mustache and a healthy complexion. His hair was iron gray and his eyes were a soft gray, like the last winter sky before the coming of spring.

ED McNAMARA works on the New York Times in the evening and writes humorous fiction for a wide variety of national magazines during the daytime.

As he walked into the parlor I wondered that he should be the father of Jamesy and Eileen Hogan. For Jamesy was a roughneck with snot green eyes and a hoarse voice. He had been in and out of the reformatory several times and was always getting into fights at the pool rooms. Jamesy boasted of his dishonorable discharge from the Army and said that only suckers worked for a living.

Eileen was as loud and brash as Jamesy. She had a shock of peroxide hair and a flouncey way of walking. She worked at the music counter in Flannigan's department store on Third Avenue and wanted to be a show-girl.

She spent all her time around Times Square and her reputation was not good in our neighborhood. And every one blamed Mr. Hogan for not putting his foot down.

But he was a very quiet man and passed no more than the time of the day with anyone. He walked back and forth to his job on the Third Avenue El every day, in his blue-gray uniform. For Mr. Hogan was a guard at the Melrose Avenue Station.

It is here that people change from the El to the subway and vice versa and it is one of the busiest stations in the city. It is the busiest station in the Bronx, by far. It is also a very high station and in the winter I have seen Mr. Hogan smacking his gloves together and stamping up and down on the wooden platform, exhaling steam.

In between trains, he stared over the bleak, wintry skyline of the

neighborhood. The tenements hugged together for warmth, the wash flapped dismally in the cold wind. And I often wondered what Mr. Hogan was thinking, alone on the El station for year after year.

During rush hours he answered a hundred questions and pushed people into the packed cars. Sometimes he had to pull people out when the doors could not close and that made for arguments. But father and I noticed how Mr. Hogan always ended them by saying: "Come now, man, we're all of us poor devils struggling to make a living together. It's a hard enough life without fighting."

II

So, year after year, Mr. Hogan watched the crowded El trains pull out of the station. Hundreds of blank faces stared wearily out of the dirty windows at him and I often wondered if he saw them at night in his sleep.

Mr. Hogan walked home along Melrose Avenue after seven o'clock, with a copy of the *Irish Echo* bulging from his hip pocket; a tired, little man. Sometimes he stopped into Tom Lee's to pick up his laundry. Often I saw him shopping in the grocery or Metz's bakery.

"I know for a fact that the poor man gets his own supper many a night," mother said, "what with her highness away at the movies. Why, I have even seen him tidying up the house and she wagging her tongue on every street corner. Well, the man is a doormat and it serves him right if

his family wipe their dirty feet on him."

"Hogan is a fine man and a good friend," was all father ever replied to that.

But one day something happened. Father came home with sad news about Mr. Hogan. "Yes, the city is going to tear down the Third Avenue El," he said. "It's the last one left in the city. That will throw poor Hogan and a hundred others out of a job. I wonder if he knows."

Well, when Mr. Hogan came in that evening for his game of checkers, I looked to see how he was taking the news, for it was in all the papers, even the *Irish Echo*. There was indeed a change in his face, a tightening of his features and a gleam in his eye. He looked exactly like a man who had long planned to battle an enemy, only to find himself ambushed.

But somehow I sensed that Mr. Hogan was not entirely afraid. He looked grim and his eyes said that he was glad to go into action at last. Then he walked into the parlor and, watching his slight figure, I thought I must be mistaken in imagining that Mr. Hogan could do anything about the El being torn down, for he could not even manage his own family.

Then it was that he first showed his hand. I was half way through my home work in the kitchen when father called out to me from the parlor. I knew then it was time to get the beer. For years I'd brought them the foaming can into the smoke-filled parlor,

grey with stale tobacco and sooty from the old oil stove. In the summer, my father and Mr. Hogan played in the back yard of the apartment house, amid the hanging wash, tin cans and the blare of radios from all the open windows.

During one hot spell, they walked together all the way over to St. Mary's Park and tried to play checkers under a tree. But the country air made them both drowsy and they fell asleep. We are all city people in our neighborhood.

Well, when I walked into the parlor, I saw my father staring through thick wreaths of smoke at the checkerboard. Mr. Hogan surprised me by smiling as he handed me the can and a half dollar.

"Yes, you've beaten me, Hogan," father said. "That was a masterly play."

I saw that father was pleased but also incredulous. And so was I. Mr. Hogan had not beaten father in fifteen years at checkers. What had got into him?

By the time I came back with the beer, he had beaten father again! But now I saw that father was just a tiny bit disturbed.

"You've been studying!" he said, striking a match furiously. "Or you've been building up me overconfidence for fifteen years."

But Mr. Hogan only smiled as he set the checkers in their places for the next game. I didn't stay to see if he would win that one too. Father was still shaking his head over Mr. Hogan

when I came up for dinner. "It was not only that he beat me," father said, pounding the table with the handle of his fork. "It was the way he did it. A complicated, masterful way. I always said that Hogan was a deep one."

Mother poured the tea and scoffed. "Yet his family leads him around by the nose. He'll be supporting them until he rots in this neighborhood."

We, of course, like every other family, firmly believed that we would some day move out of the neighborhood. We would go uptown some day to Fordham when I learned a trade. Father was a city man though and did not want to move so close to the country.

"They have a park in Fordham," he always growled. "Poe's Park it is, and the smell of the grass would be the death of me."

And it was, too, God rest his soul. But I am getting away from Mr. Hogan.

After he beat father at checkers four times in a row, father was sure that Hogan was up to something.

"A man who never raises his voice nor gets excited is a man to beware of," father said solemnly. "The Hogan family had best mind him from now on."

I saw Mr. Hogan come home from work next night and there was nothing new about him. He set his shiny, high button shoes wearily onto the pavement as always. He was no different from the trolley tracks that ran along Melrose Avenue. And yet, he had beaten father at checkers!

III

And then the next night it happened. Mr. Hogan brought home a hulking young Irishman in the uniform of the IRT. He had a big red face and red hair and the face of a kindly beast. He was so heavy that we plainly heard his big feet walking into the Hogan apartment next to ours.

The next thing we heard was Eileen's shrill voice.

"I won't! I won't! I'll go out with who I want, not you!"

We all stopped eating to listen. Through the thin walls that separated our apartment from the Hogan's, we heard chairs scrape violently across the kitchen floor. Then we heard Mr. Hogan's low, insistent voice. It went on and on until it began to remind me of rain wearing through a roof. Now and then Eileen would burst out, but each time she grew less loud. Finally we heard the heavy tread of the big Irishman together with the sulky clatter of Eileen's high heels.

Mother waited while they walked downstairs and then she flew to the window.

"Will you look at him, now!" she laughed. "Look at the greenhorn that Hogan has brought home for Eileen! Why, he has the hay of Ballymorán still sticking out of his hairy ears! Hogan is a bigger fool than I thought him."

Father and I watched the greenhorn take Eileen's arm as they came to the crossing. "That's a stubborn man, by the hang of his nose,"

father said. "Aye, that Hogan is a deep one all right."

Mother laughed, but the greenhorn was back the next night. And that Sunday he walked Eileen to Mass.

"Mass!" mother shouted, "why that brazen little baggage hasn't been to church since Christmas!"

"Do you mind the way he holds her hand in his big red fist?" father said, "and the very deliberate way he sets his feet on the sidewalk. Eileen Hogan is as good as married to him right now."

I looked out the window and saw this was so. Eileen had a pouty face and she took three angry steps to the big greenhorn's two. He looked too big for his blue serge suit and his skin was scrubbed white but there was a look about him that meant business.

All this while, Mr. Hogan came over for his nightly game of checkers with father and never acted the least bit different. He even went back to losing every game again but father was not happy about it.

"It's the way he loses now," father said, shaking his head. "I have never seen such masterly moves go wrong."

"You sit with him for two hours every night," mother complained, "and never ask him a word about Eileen."

"Of course not," father said, "everyone knows what's going on."

Well, it was not many weeks later, that we all heard the banns of marriage announced from the pulpit for Eileen Hogan and Thomas Rafferty.

Mother crossed herself. "Now that is a miracle!" she said. "He wore her down."

Father shrugged his big shoulders. "It's springtime. Hogan had it all figured out. Men are much better at this sort of thing than women when they want to bother with it."

"What's got into the man after all these years?" mother said, staring down into the tea leaves, as though their formation in the cup would give her the answer to the riddle of this new Hogan.

"It's danger," father said solemnly. "Hogan knows that the days of his job are numbered and fear always quickens a man, gives him desperate power over people which he never had before. Did he not beat me at checkers at last?"

"Rubbish," mother said. "He couldn't go on losing forever. It was the law of averages."

Father pounded the table. "Eileen never paid him any mind until now, did she? And then she was no match for him. I tell you, the man is aroused. There's no telling now what he won't do."

Mother bridled. "Hogan may have settled Eileen's hash but he'll never do it for Jamesy nor his wife. That woman's tongue only has more to wag about now. She's never home these days for lallygagging all over the neighborhood."

"My money is on Hogan," father said. "He's a deep one all right."

Mr. Hogan beat father four checker games in a row the next night and

after he'd gone father waved his pipe knowingly. "I feel sorry for Jamesy Hogan now," he said, "his high-flying days are over."

"He'll be flying into jail," mother snapped, "if he doesn't do the right thing by poor Lena Metz. What that nice, fat thing sees in him, I'm not knowing."

IV

Lena's father ran the bakery shop on Melrose Avenue. Lena had blonde hair and quiet ways but had never gone out with anyone until Jamesy began to meet her away from home.

That night I was buying water rolls in the Metz bakery when I was surprised to see Mr. Hogan come in. He took Mr. Metz to one side and began to talk. Mr. Metz was a jolly, fat little man but he didn't look jolly now. He slipped off his white apron and called Lena from the back of the store. There was a note in his voice that told every customer something was up. I watched the three of them walk out the store together. Mrs. Metz was so excited that she gave me ten cents too much change. Usually it was the other way around.

That night we heard a slambang family argument through the thin walls of our apartment. Mr. Metz spoke in a gruff voice, Lena wept softly. Jamesy and Mrs. Hogan did all the hollering. But not once did we hear Mr. Hogan.

After the Metz's left, Mr. Hogan came into our house for his game of checkers, as quiet and self-contained

as ever. Mother gave him an extra-warm welcome. Her eyes were shining with anticipation but Mr. Hogan only smiled politely.

Mother glared after him as he followed father into the parlor. "It's not human!" she said, furiously sprinkling soap powder into the sink. "The man has the soul of a clam and that's a fact."

Mr. Hogan and father played checkers for their customary two hours. After he left, mother went after father. "Surely you asked him what all that to-do was about?" she cried.

"I did not," father said. "A man's business is a man's business. Besides I beat him in a single masterful game."

Mother snorted. "Well, you may be sure I'll find out from Mrs. Hogan in the morning — with embellishments. I only want to know the truth so I can check on her."

But we all saw the story soon after. For Jamesy walked down Melrose Avenue every night with Lena clutching his arm!

"I've seen them looking into the window of Kahn's jewelry store," mother said wonderingly.

"We'll be hearing the banns of marriage for them pretty soon," father said, puffing knowingly on his pipe. "Hogan has tapped some deep power and no one can stand up to him now. I haven't won a game from him in four nights."

"Away with you and Hogan and his new power," mother said. "He's

hypnotizing you over the checker-board."

We not only heard the banns proclaimed from the pulpit for Lena and Jamesy but even more staggering news. Jamesy was working in Metz's bakery! I went in to see for myself and there was that swaggering bully boy in a white apron, waiting on people behind the marble counter.

Jamesy kept his head down and mumbled when he spoke to customers. The Metz's snapped at him with their cold eyes. Every night thereafter, Jamesy was brought home drunk from the Melrose Tavern but it did him no good.

Mr. Metz or Mr. Hogan always dragged him into the bakery at eight in the morning and Lena went ahead with the wedding plans. She and Jamesy were to live in the apartment above the bakery.

Mother sniffed. "Ah well, Jamesy would have married anyway, this is no feather in Hogan's cap. He never said a word during that whole argument."

"A deep man never has to say a word," father said, stirring his tea. "Now I'm feeling sorry for Mrs. Hogan. Her high-flying days are over."

V

But nothing happened to Mrs. Hogan until after the wedding. She had even more time to gossip and idle with two children out of the house. Jamesy still managed to slip out for a night's drinking but the next morning Mr.

Metz always propped him against the counter and tied the white apron around him. Jamesy looked much like a corpse as he waited on the customers.

One night he came around to his father's house with a can of beer. It was strange to see Jamesy try to become friendly with his father after all those years but that was only because Jamesy lived and worked in the midst of a family which hated him.

We heard Mr. Hogan's low voice come through the walls of the house and then Jamesy shouted: "But I didn't make my own bed! You made it for me!"

There was a long silence and then we heard Jamesy tramp out of the Hogan apartment into the hall. A minute later the beer can clattered down the stairs.

"I'll bet it's empty," father said.

Mother shook her head slowly. "Hogan *did* settle Jamesy's hash. There's something about that man that frightens me now. He is using a dark power against people."

"If I were his wife, I'd be more frightened," father said. "Hogan has a deep, well-laid plan."

Not many days later I came home from school to find a moving van at our apartment house. Every woman in the house was looking out the window curiously. No one had moved in nor out for the past ten years.

Father was home from work with his bad back and he met me at the doorway. "Will you look at that now?" he said, pointing his pipe to

one of the movers carrying down a heavy chest.

"Who's moving out?" I asked.

Before father could tell me, Mrs. Hogan came up the street, the afternoon movies just being over. She took one look at the moving man and pushed her way through the crowd on the sidewalk. "What are you doing with my furniture?" she shouted.

The man stared and panted: "I'm carrying this down four flights of stairs for the exercise, lady."

And then Mr. Hogan came out, dressed in his Sunday suit. He was carrying a square, flat package. Mrs. Hogan ran up to him, black hair flying about her face.

"Are they putting us out?" she cried. "What's happening?"

"We're moving to the country," Mr. Hogan said quietly.

We all echoed Mrs. Hogan's gasp. "I've bought a little farm upstate," Mr. Hogan said, smiling at us all.

"Moving to a farm!" Mrs. Hogan screeched. "And you never said a word to me! Where did you get the money? And what of your job?"

Mr. Hogan looked up at the sky above the rooftops of our street. "I'm twenty-five years on the job. I've retired. And not too soon, either, for they'll be tearing down the El soon. We'll be out of here this day."

"A farm!" Mrs. Hogan moaned. The look on her face was terrible to see, for we all knew there would be no more hours of gossiping on street corners for her. And she a city woman, too.

"I'm not going!" she shouted. "You bring that furniture back!"

But another moving man shoved her aside with two chairs he was carrying. Mrs. Hogan let out some fearsome language and ran into the apartment hallway. But we all knew there was naught she could do.

I knew then what Mr. Hogan had been thinking during the long, cold years he had tramped up and down on the El station. Father was right, God rest his discerning soul. Hogan had had a deep-laid plan and fear had made him overcome his family to put it into effect.

I watched as he turned to father and gave him the flat package. "Here's the finest checkerboard that money could buy, Cornelius," he said. "You're a fine man and a good friend and I'm only hoping you'll come up to my farm some day for a long visit."

"I will be up soon," father said, pumping his hand. "I will miss you every night. Yes, who will I find now to play such masterly checkers with?"

Long after the Hogans moved upstate to their farm, there was something deeply missing in the look of the neighborhood, as though the Third Avenue El was already uprooted. That was how we all missed quiet Mr. Hogan.

Every summer we got a post card from him, inviting us up to his farm. The post card had a picture of a general store with real trees on the street. Father often talked of going there but we never did. We are city people.

LATIN AMERICA—FOR NATIVES ONLY

BY R. HART PHILLIPS

LATIN-AMERICAN countries no longer welcome foreigners who wish to seek fortunes in new lands. Indeed, they would like to rid themselves of the foreigners already within their borders. As the tide of nationalism rises, Americans who have been working in these countries for many years are being pushed out of their jobs.

Legislation designed to discourage the entry of foreigners, and to make it almost impossible for them to obtain employment in competition with nationals, has been enacted by all the Latin-American countries. Even regulations for tourists are so strict and complicated that many visitors are kept away. An American businessman, who returned to Havana recently after visiting most of Latin America, stated that in preparation for his trip he used up six dozen pictures, twelve police certificates of good conduct, fourteen health certificates, spent three weeks getting his documents ready and obtaining visas, and paid out a good deal of money for cables sent by local consulates to their respective governments asking if he would be welcome as a visitor.

The Brazilian consular official who takes care of visas in Havana enumerated to the writer these requirements for a thirty-day tourist visa: four photographs, a medical certificate of good health, a certificate of recent vaccination for smallpox and a bank letter in duplicate, guaranteeing the financial status of the prospective tourist. These documents must be submitted with an application form requesting a visa, and the applicant must sign a sworn statement in Portuguese to the effect that he has never been a revolutionist and that he has never been deported from Brazil or any other country for a crime.

Latin-American consular officials are quick to discourage the American who has any idea of working in their respective nations. At the Colombian Legation in Havana the first secretary, who acts as consul, was frank about the attitude of his country. "We are only interested in tourists who benefit our country," he told the writer. He explained that it was not too easy a matter to obtain a visa to enter his country, except as a tourist. An ordinary visa for residence there

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would require: a \$1000 cash bond, a medical certificate of good health, a police certificate of good conduct, a certificate of civil status, four pictures, a certificate of professional title, if any, and the filling out of a lengthy application which requests references from persons in Colombia, declaration of religious belief and a statement of financial status. This application must be sent to Colombia for approval by the Minister of Foreign Relations. Possession of capital for investment, the consul indicated, is a vital requirement.

Even after having entered Colombia, a foreigner still cannot seek work. He must first obtain permission from the Ministry of Labor, since Colombia requires that 90 per cent of all employees in any enterprise must be Colombian nationals. The other Latin-American countries have similar regulations about hiring nationals, though the required percentages differ. The lowest is Cuba, with 50 per cent; Paraguay is the highest with 95 per cent. The laws further provide that the same percentage of wages must go to nationals in each case.

The 50 per cent requirement in Cuba is highly misleading. It is based on the original law, enacted during the first administration of President Grau San Martín, whose slogan was and still is, "Cuba for the Cubans." Every administration since that revolutionary period of 1933 has been plugging up loopholes and tightening regulations, until at present the percentage is actually about

99 per cent, and organized labor is striving to eliminate that one per cent. Judging from the immediate past, it can look forward to success.

II

It was Latin-American labor which first demanded that each foreigner be forced to register and to carry with him at all times a record of that registration in the form of a *carnet* bearing his photograph and fingerprints. The cost of this registration varies in different countries: in Cuba it ranges up to \$15 a year, depending on income; in Haiti it is \$5. But in all countries it serves to keep foreigners from being employed except in the percentage fixed by law.

Because there is still a shortage of technicians in the countries to our south, a few foreigners are permitted to enter to take certain jobs "if no qualified national is available." This is a tricky clause and labor departments are making it more and more difficult for employers to bring in foreign technicians. To satisfy native labor, legislation everywhere requires that "equal salaries must be paid for equal work," though the low wage scales and the high cost of living on an American standard in most of these countries sometimes leads American technicians to ask for higher wages than native employees receive.

In Cuba, after an American company requests the Ministry of Labor to send it a technician with specific skills and rejects all applicants on the reasonable grounds of inadequate

qualifications, the Ministry reluctantly gives a six months' permit for the importation of an American technician. A Cuban apprentice must then be hired to understudy the American; at the end of six months the Labor Ministry usually argues that it is time for the apprentice to take over the position.

This practice of apprenticeship is also followed in Colombia. Venezuela goes a step further in requiring every employer of between four hundred and two thousand workers to pay for the technical education of at least one worker or his son in Venezuelan schools or abroad. Three persons must be educated by employers of more than two thousand workers. Bolivia has a similar educational program.

Faced with these regulations and the endless red tape involved, American companies follow the line of least resistance and reduce their American personnel to a minimum. A recent statement issued by a United States Bureau stated that only about one per cent of the personnel employed by American firms operating in Latin America was American. Usually only the executives are American.

However, even executives are not too welcome. Demands recently presented to an American company in Havana by its workers stated that only four Americans could remain in Cuba as executives, without regard to whether they were paid by the local subsidiary or by the com-

pany in New York; no American auditor or inspector of the company could remain in Cuba more than thirty days. This company has millions of dollars invested in the island. Of course, all foreign executives entering a Latin American country must do so under permits issued by the respective labor departments; not many months ago, a newly arrived American executive spent a night in the Havana jail because his workers, who were striking at the moment, found out he had not obtained this permit.

III

It is not easy for a foreigner to practice a profession in Latin America. Most of the countries reserve that right for their nationals. Neither in Mexico nor in Brazil can a foreigner practice the liberal professions; in Guatemala he can do so only under certain conditions. Santo Domingo prohibits a foreigner from practicing law. Since 1934 Cuba has refused to give any foreigner a license to practice law, and an attempt is now being made to oust the small number of American public accountants working in the island and to make it impossible for American firms to send down an auditor to check the books of subsidiaries. No alien can practice medicine, optometry, dentistry or pharmacy in Panama. In Paraguay, positions requiring professional degrees are limited to persons acquiring them in Paraguay or Paraguayans who have obtained such degrees

abroad. Ecuador permits foreigners to practice only professions for which they have obtained degrees in the schools of that country.

Any attempt by a foreigner to surmount these difficulties by becoming a naturalized citizen brings to light the surprising fact of discrimination against naturalized citizens in most of our southern neighbors. In Cuba there is a continual tug of war between native-born and naturalized citizens within the labor unions. For years one of the most serious problems of the Havana Electric Company, which operates the streetcar system, has been the fight for privileges between the Spanish-born platform workers who have become citizens during the past few years and the native sons who are determined to oust them. Cuban law states that any firm desiring to reduce its personnel must first dismiss all the foreigners on its payroll, then the naturalized citizens; only after all these are out can a native be fired.

This is true of several other Latin-American countries. From Brazil comes a story of a number of Scotch engineers and English captains who had been running coastwise Brazilian steamers for many years. When a law was passed that such positions must be held by Brazilians, these men took out naturalization papers. A few years later it was decided to restrict these jobs to native-born.

Prospective investors who plan to operate businesses in Latin America are always astounded at the com-

plicated tax procedure. In Cuba, as in most of the countries, tax legislation is a maze of red tape through which even those familiar with the system wander in confusion. Nor is the situation improved by the successive groups of tax inspectors who appear with each new administration. Every new tax law is invariably followed by successive clarification decrees. Most American companies have to hire special lawyers to handle tax matters. Tons of appeals clog the tax machinery and the calendars of the court at all times; cases drag on for years. Not long ago an American company in Cuba found itself facing a tax levy dating from 1931 as a result of a recent inspection on its operations.

Although the wage scale in Latin-American countries is lower than in the United States, the stringent regulations in regard to foreign labor, the constant demands of workers and the equally constant enactment of new labor regulations make the operations of American companies in these countries more and more complicated and difficult. Cuba, where labor has been organized into a solid bloc under control of the Confederation of Cuban Workers, can be said to lead in advanced labor legislation, but the rest of the countries are striving hard to catch up, the majority with marked success.

Last May Day, when the Confederation of Cuban Workers, in accordance with custom, presented to President Grau San Martín their

demands, they numbered 116 and ran from a demand that the government break off relations with Franco, through a recital of many grievances on the part of individual unions, to a request that a 120-piece band be formed to play at the Presidential Palace during official functions. Employees of an American company in Havana recently demanded in a proposed labor contract that if a member of the family of any worker died the company would send a wreath and a representative to the funeral. In return, the workers promised to send a wreath in case an executive died.

The dismissal of an employee in Cuba is regulated by a special law which provides for a long and complicated process beginning with the drawing up of an *expediente*, in which the employer sets forth his reasons for dismissal. The worker is given a chance to oppose the dismissal, with his union represented at the hearing. Then the case goes to the Ministry of Labor. Investigation by the Ministry, plus the intervention of the unions, usually means several months of procedure until a ruling is issued. The employer may appeal against an unfavorable decision to the president of the republic. If the president decides in favor of the worker, the employer must reinstate him and pay him full wages for all the time the case has been in progress. Then the employer may take his case to the courts, with the Supreme Court issuing the final decision. The Confederation of Cuban Workers usually

provides lawyers to fight the cases of the workers, so that it is not unusual to have Supreme Court judges decide whether or not a streetcar conductor or a clerk shall be fired.

Recently an employee of an American banking institution in Havana, which charged that the employee had grossly neglected his duties and kept his records in a state of confusion, was ordered reinstated by a decision of the Supreme Court because of a technicality in the procedure and the employer was ordered to pay him four years' wages.

Almost the only basis on which an employee can be fired in Cuba is the necessity for economy, and even that is difficult to prove to the satisfaction of Cuban authorities. A prominent attorney pleading a labor case for an employer before the court of appeals of Havana once asked the court in exasperation: "Is it necessary for me to prove that my client is in a state of bankruptcy in order that he be permitted to fire one single employee?"

Should the worker's union decide that he should not be fired and prepare to back up that decision by a strike, which is usually the case, the employer might as well prepare to keep the worker on his payroll for the rest of his natural life. This has proved to be one of the greatest deterrents to the investment of additional foreign capital in Cuba.

With the war over and the prospects bright for a tremendous tourist business, Cubans expected an inrush

of American capital to build the hotels which Cuba so sadly lacks. However, when it was learned that the labor laws prevent the operation of hotels on a seasonal basis, American investors held off.

IV

Despite the rise of nationalism and the determination of Latin-American nations to nationalize foreign-owned transportation facilities, public utilities and other industries, Latin-American countries continue to clamor for American investments. They do all they can, however, to discourage American investors from arriving with money in hand. Brazil, for example, requires that 51 per cent of the stock of any company "exploiting natural resources" must be in the hands of Brazilians, and that the number of Brazilian stockholders must be equal to the foreign stockholders. In the case of an enterprise operating under a concession, the directors must be Brazilians, and two thirds of these must be native-born.

Profits earned by foreign capital are subject to taxes when they are sent home to the investors. In Cuba a flat tax of 2 per cent is collected on all funds leaving the island. Argentina levies 5 per cent on corporate profits if credited or remitted to foreign owners. Brazil has a 10 per cent non-resident tax which affects all profits credited or remitted abroad by a foreign company operating a branch in Brazil. The Brazilian

government has now decided that this 10 per cent tax must be paid on profits shown by the annual balance sheet of foreign companies, which must also pay the normal 8 per cent tax collected from all companies. In Chile the exchange control system is tantamount to a discriminatory tax on foreigners trying to do business there. Colombia charges a 1 per cent tax on all funds leaving the country, and Ecuador has three separate taxes on foreign exchange transactions. Dividends remitted abroad and profits of branches of foreign firms operating in Peru are assessed an additional 12 per cent income tax over and above that paid by native firms.

The nationalistic spirit of Latin America, born in the depression of the twenties, when there were not enough jobs to go around, has been fostered by ambitious politicians of all parties. Now the Communists are fanning the flame as a weapon against the United States. "Beware of the Americans with their imperialistic plans" is a stock propaganda phrase which is dinned into the ears of the workers in all these countries by local Communist leaders and is echoed by American Communists in statements published in Latin America. It is not strange that our neighbors regard us with more and more suspicion.

American investors, of course, are beginning to regard investments in Latin America as too risky. Instead of long-range investment planning,

there is a tendency at present to look for a quick turnover, with the result that much of the American capital going into Latin America today is gambling capital.

The Latin-American countries have huge undeveloped resources. Taken as a whole, these nations have an area three times that of the United States, but a total population of only some 130 million. Nevertheless, the obstacles encountered by foreigners who wish to participate in Latin-American development are steadily mounting.

Brazil has huge areas of fertile land untouched by the hand of man, but stringent immigration regulations and discrimination between natives and naturalized citizens are effective bars to any large influx of settlers. Argentina is nationalizing foreign-owned industries and investments as rapidly as possible. "Not an inch of soil nor a breath of air" in Argentina will belong to foreigners, President Juan D. Perón has promised. Guatemala plans to take over foreign railroads and port installations. Mexico and Bolivia long ago established the precedent of expropriating foreign enterprises. In Cuba, one of the basic points of the auténtico party, headed

by President Grau San Martín, is government ownership of public utilities. The Communist Party is now urging the administration to take over all public services and to oust foreigners from possession of industries on the island.

At the same time, Latin America looks to the United States for bigger and better concessions, for government and private loans to back industrialization, for a larger market for its products and for cheaper prices and longer terms on goods.

There is a great deal of talk about "reciprocity," but to Latin Americans it appears to be a one-sided word; attempts by the United States to obtain reciprocal treatment are frequently greeted with shouts of "imperialistic economic pressure." Before the war, Cuban government sources reported that some 60,000 Cubans were gainfully employed in the United States. This number has greatly increased, and the same is undoubtedly true of some other Latin-American countries. All of them are progressively tightening legislation to prevent Americans from holding jobs in Latin America. What would happen if the United States decided to reciprocate?



I WAS A "FREE" RUSSIAN

BY DMITRI BULIGIN

I was reared and educated in the Soviet Union. During the siege of Leningrad my wife helped dig trenches, and I taught in Leningrad University. Later we were both transferred to southern Russia, where we were captured by the Germans and sent to Bavaria. Soon afterwards we were fortunate enough to be liberated by American troops. Until then I had spoken to few non-Russians, and had never left Russian soil.

On Election Day in Russia I always voted yes, though I wanted to vote no. It wasn't that I was physically prevented at the particular moment I was voting from casting an opposition ballot. It was what was likely to happen afterwards. For the single-candidate slate is only the obvious part of the pressure.

At every polling place, there are small, curtained booths, each with a shelf, pen and ink. In theory this booth is supposed to enable you to keep your vote secret, to scratch out the name of the official candidate if you wish, or to replace it with another name.

But each voter usually drops his vote directly into the ballot box,

without going into the booth. For if you enter the booth, watchers put a tiny mark alongside your name. The length of time you stay in is recorded, too.

My close friend, Alexei, entered the booth one year. A few days later he received an "invitation" to visit the Elections Committee in his large plant. The secretary came right to the point. "Why did you go into the booth? Was it to strike out the name of the official candidate?" Alexei said no, he had gone in only on an impulse, and had actually voted yes. The committeemen said they were glad to find this out. Now Alexei might help them. They had some ballots here, on their desk, "marked in such a manner as to show they had been in the hands of enemies of the people." They mentioned how important it was for "honest citizens," such as Alexei, to help locate these people, "so they won't get good comrades, like yourself, into trouble."

As there are comparatively few scratched or "misused" ballots, and as few persons in any one polling district enter the booths, it is easy to narrow down the search. All such

DMITRI BULIGIN is the pseudonym of a Russian professional man who was captured by the Germans and later liberated by the Americans. He is now working in this country.

"wrongly marked" ballots had been collected from Alexei's polling place. The investigators were able to check these up against the exhaustive secret police records on those who had voted in secret, so that they could not go far wrong. They could only include some innocent among the "guilty."

Such election committees compete fiercely, to see which can announce the best results — a unanimous, or as nearly unanimous a vote as possible, for the official candidate, by as close to 100 per cent of the registered voters as possible. The names of the committeemen are published, along with their results, which therefore have a decisive effect on their careers.

Before each general election, political meetings are called in all factories and places of business. They are, as always, so arranged that you must attend. Coat closets and check-in racks are kept locked until the meetings end. If you ask for the keys, you are reported. These meetings are held on your own time.

This is where our democratic privileges are "interpreted" for us by Communist Party speakers. It is where, for instance, they start the nation-wide "voluntary" movements to show "the nation's unity" by not making use of voting booths.

II

I attended many meetings at which candidates were supposedly chosen. Never did I, or anyone else I know, see a candidate actually chosen at such a meeting. I never heard a word

spoken against the nominee introduced; that would have been considered "counter-revolutionary." Questions were asked, such as, "Will Comrade Candidate be able to fulfill his difficult task?" Or a nominee for a local soviet might be asked about the economics of his town. Replies are always positive. "Even if Comrade Candidate is not yet fully trained," the speaker might say in a doubtful case, "he will get all the assistance he requires."

The usual argument by the party man sponsoring the official candidate runs along these lines: "Don't worry, the Party is offering you this candidate. The Party is under the supervision of our leader, Stalin, so it is unthinkable that a bad candidate could get on the slate. In an exceptional case where a candidate does not work out as you desire, there is always the recall. You need not worry." Party representatives frankly declared, "We have chosen this candidate; we propose him to you, and you can be sure he will be all right."

However, by picking the candidates, the Party stakes its reputation, and if any were recalled, it would set a precedent for public overruling of a Party action. I know of no case where anyone selected was ever recalled. But I do know of cases where candidates who had taken office were arrested, imprisoned, or even executed by the secret police.

I never told anyone "I want to vote against" a specific candidate, or "I want to vote no." I did not even

tell my wife. And I never heard anyone else use such frank speech. You might say, "Well, I see Ivanoff is running; I'll have to vote for him." Your friend — you spoke this way only to close friends — would reply, "Yes, Ivanoff's running; we'll have to vote for him." And both you and your friend would know that you both mean you don't want to vote for Ivanoff at all.

You use caution even in talking to your wife because you do not wish to put her in a position where she might inadvertently quote you and get your family into trouble. If she is questioned about you, the less she knows that is undesirable from the government's viewpoint, the safer it is for her, as well as for yourself.

I never, for example, expressed my sincere thoughts in the presence of my child. I know no other parent who did so. When my child asked me, I would reply, "Certainly I will vote for Comrade Candidate," and leave it at that. A child might let a remark out without understanding its consequences.

The secret police (called MVD after the war, NKVD during the war) was always on my mind. Even now, in America, when an auto stops at night in front of my house and the motor keeps running, I wake up tense. In Russia, you never knew whether this might mean your arrest or the search of your home. Any telephone call at night caused a similar scare, for it might be an "invitation" to visit "the Big House,"

as MVD Headquarters is called in Leningrad. It was the same when your doorbell rang at late hours. A normal life was no guarantee that you would not be arrested. Any reference to you by someone else being questioned by the MVD would bring its heavy hand upon you. You never knew what social acquaintance, or colleague at work, or person who carried some fancied or real grudge against you, might mention you as someone he knew while under MVD questioning.

When someone disappeared from his usual haunts, and you suspected he had been arrested by the MVD, you avoided mentioning him. In my university, when a student stopped coming to class, and I learned his father had been arrested by the MVD we just dropped his name, and asked no questions. In all such cases, you were careful to show you really didn't know the suspect, or not as well as it seemed. A friend became a menace if he were being held by the secret police, and the greater the friendship the greater the menace. A friendship could turn into a resentment under such circumstances. You have your family to think of; you always thought as a family group, for when someone is taken by the MVD, the other members of the family are invariably penalized as well, at least by exile.

The mere fact that you were seen speaking to someone whom the MVD classifies as "an enemy of the people" is enough to convict you. That was

one reason you avoided foreigners. I would have been overjoyed to be able to invite a foreigner to my home, or to accept an invitation to visit him. But I always had to refuse politely, making false excuses, such as that I was busy, or that my wife was sick. If you are seen talking to a foreigner socially, you would be sure to be asked about it by the MVD.

I always made it a point, when business forced me to talk to foreigners, to do so in the presence of another Russian, preferably a Communist Party member. One was always sure to be hovering about at such times. To have spoken without such a witness would assuredly have brought trouble.

III

MVD Headquarters in Leningrad occupies a large, specially constructed building, on the site of a former Czarist court and jail. If you are asked to come at 1 P.M. you only get in to see your examiner at 3 P.M. or later. You know such delays are an MVD tactic; you are expected to wait. But the police never excuse you for being late.

Examinations follow a pattern. I underwent them several times as have innumerable Russians who are leading otherwise normal lives. The MVD man begins politely. You are warned against disclosing what you are asked, for this would put others on their guard. You are always asked if you knew why you have been "invited." You say no. "Maybe you

know some persons whose behavior is not that of honest people," the agent inquires. That is a standard question, and wholly unexpected information is often obtained that way.

"Maybe," the examiner declares, "you know someone who speaks against our leaders, or who is against the general line of the Party?" Often you are asked to name all your acquaintances, and to give an account of each. This is one reason why examinations can drag on for days, months, and even years. Often you have no way of telling whether you are concerned at all in the inquiry until the examiner brings up the subject, and asks you "to tell everything you know" about some person or incident. You are asked to talk as fully as you can. Then, after all this the examiner declares you haven't answered satisfactorily. "You have not given sufficient and proper information. It is too brief, not detailed enough." Then he starts the real questioning.

"We know definitely," the routine may begin, "that Comrade Suspect is a member of a counter-revolutionary organization. People whom we have already interrogated have informed us that he is a saboteur, an enemy of the people. How would you, then, characterize his work and his personality? Please mention everything that may be of interest to us, even the slightest details, because in drawing up our accusation, we want to be sure he is absolutely guilty. In

order to hand over to the court all information connected with the case, we have to have as many details as possible."

This reference to a court always sounds peculiar, because you know that courts rarely handle any political cases. Verdicts are handed down by the MVD itself, generally by a committee of three high officers who act as prosecutor, judge and jury. The examination proceeds by direct accusations and leading questions.

The MVD man once bluntly told me, "You are a member of a counter-revolutionary organization." Of course I denied it, and his next statement, also standard practice, was to gather together in as incriminating a form as possible some personal data about myself. "You were assembled with your friends last Thursday evening, at such an address, in such-a-number apartment, and present were —;" and in each case, the "such" was correctly rendered, and the names of those who had been with me were correctly given.

The exactitude with which some intimate details of your life will roll off the examiner's tongue, although you know how thoroughly the MVD conducts its routine checkups, never fails to stun you. Although it might concern only a birthday party, it never fails to sound conspiratorial when the MVD man describes it. Because of my knowledge of an engineering specialty and my position as an educator, the police often asked me to give technical opinions in inquiries

on construction cases. If something had broken down, or a foundation was in poor shape, I would be given a set of blueprints for examination, and asked to give my opinion.

The MVD usually informed me that those involved had already pleaded guilty, and that the MVD merely wanted technical details on "how the crime against the state had been committed." I never was asked whether I thought the "suspect" was guilty. I always was informed he was guilty, or had pleaded guilty, and that it was up to me to provide supporting evidence. In several such cases, I afterwards found out the "suspect" had not even been questioned or arrested, that he knew nothing of the case being built up against him, much less admitting any guilt.

If my judgment was not explicit enough from their viewpoint, as it usually was not, the MVD would call my report "cultured" and "too legalistic," and would complain "That's too intellectual; it's not the MVD way of reporting. We know the man is guilty, but we want you to confirm it in your way."

The secret police, who are in charge of the forced labor camps, can meet any need for specialists, engineers or skilled labor, by arresting the trained men they need. It was obvious to me that this was primarily what they were trying to maneuver me into helping them do when they asked my technical judgment on construction jobs.

IV

The police asked me to let them know when any of my colleagues expressed "harmful thoughts" concerning the Communist Party or the Soviet government. They suggested that I start a conversation with the people among whom I worked, or with whom I was friendly, with this in mind. It might be a good idea, I was told, to include criticism of the Party or government in my conversation at such times, to sound out these people. In such cases, I was informed, I should be careful to report the next day. Otherwise, the MVD man remarked, "some of those persons might report to us about you, and then we would not know where the truth lay."

I resisted this pressure until the examiner told me pointedly that I was expected "to act like an honest citizen," adding: "It is not sufficient to use words to prove you are an honest citizen. You have to bring us proof." I tried to evade the trap, declaring it was not in my nature to make a secret report. But in the back of my mind I was thinking of other professional men, other technicians, who had been "recruited" this way for forced labor camps. I was finally informed that if I "continued to be obstinate," they would be forced to believe I was "concealing criminal activities."

There was no alternative now, for I had a wife and a growing son. I protested that my friends would

become suspicious if they saw me coming into "the Big House," and nobody would benefit. "Oh, no," the examiner said. "We are too clever for that. We'll meet you in private homes, in a different apartment house each time."

I recall how solicitous he now sounded, while still matter-of-fact over details. "Let us fix a definite day . . . say Thursday two weeks from now. Does that give you sufficient time?" He asked me to pick a street near my home, "where some of your friends live, where it would seem normal for you to go in and out." I did so, and he soon gave me the number of a house on the street, and the number of an apartment. It was house 22, apartment 22. When I took out a pad to jot this down he shook his head. "No," he said, "that is why we had you select the street, and why we picked easy numbers."

On the date set, I went to the private apartment indicated, and an old woman ushered me at once into a nicely furnished room with a desk in it. A new examiner greeted me, and I was astonished how well informed he was on every move I had made, asking me by name about my friends and colleagues. When I hesitated signing his notes on the interview, he promptly said, "Let's pick a new name for you," for use only by the MVD. He had one ready. "Now," he added, "nobody will ever know you help us in our work, as an honest citizen should."

This phrase "as an honest citizen

should," was a standard form of pressure and flattery.

"If you find out something we should know immediately, here is a phone number," the examiner went on, and gave me another set of repeated numerals. Whenever I wished to contact the MVD, I was told to phone this number, day or night, using my "cover name."

My reports did not satisfy the MVD. "We understand you are new at this," I was told, "but this is not the sort of reporting we expect. We know all that. [I had intended it that way.] Give us more details about these people, especially any contacts they have with foreigners, and their entire conversations with you, their jokes, anecdotes they tell, anything of that sort. Maybe you don't realize it yet, but it is by connecting just such details, from many sources, that a pattern develops."

v

This hidden phase of my life was fortunately of short duration. In spite of my intense dislike for anything of this nature, I had been maneuvered into it, apparently in the customary manner, by force exerted psychologically. I never told anyone about it, until finally I felt I could no longer keep it from my wife. I told her; it relieved me. Certain of my close friends were not so cautious as I. They had let me know, through vague hints, that they were required to keep the MVD informed on things in general.

Thus, in every group of workers and friends, there are people watching one another. You feel at all times that you are being watched from several directions at once. I, as all Soviet nationals, lived under the certainty that even in any small group, at least one pair of eyes, and probably more, were intent upon me, with orders to report my slightest indiscretion to the secret police. I knew there were many who had been ordered to try to provoke such indiscretion through leading remarks. I knew, too, that these informers were often unqualified to distinguish between "an undesirable statement" and a comment innocent of all anti-government connotation, but were required to report it all, as fully as possible.

You know that what you tell the MVD is checked against other reports. What is worse, you know that anti-Communist remarks are "planted," so that you hear them, and that the MVD can thus check up on whether you actually are including everything you know in your reports. There is no escape from this labyrinth; I have never felt more trapped, or more terrorized, although no physical blow was ever struck against me. It was a greater terror than the shells that fell around me in Leningrad. Unless you can suppress your feelings toward other individuals as human beings, there is no escaping this sensation of cold terror. Only by becoming completely callous to human feelings except in an impersonal, mass sense,

can you smile as a child does, for sheer trust in life, and joy in living.

There is no escaping this environment, even at home. My apartment house superintendent was an MVD informer — he had to be, under the system by which house managers (*oopravdom*) are selected. The city authorities appoint them, and they are generally recognized as MVD informers.

My university work was always under surveillance. One of my textbooks was turned back to me for revision by the political censor. I had to insert some complimentary references to the Communist Party's contributions to industrial and engineering progress. I was "advised" to bring in Comrade Stalin's name, "to show his decisive influence even in your field." These political revisions saved my textbook, and it appeared as scheduled.

In all lower schools, it is required to teach that "only in the Soviet Union, under the wise leadership of our beloved of all the people, Josef Vissarionovitch Stalin, can a truly happy life be lived." You have to be as plain-spoken as that. In colleges and universities, you have to convey the same impressions. Each teacher, in any institution of learning, no matter whether he teaches foreign languages, mathematics or botany, must pass a political examination to prove he has "the proper perspective on history." Students are under the same compulsion. They are not admitted into an institution of higher

learning without first passing a political examination. This is the most unpopular test for all the young men and girls. The knowledge that they cannot enter any college or university without leaping that hurdle, no matter what other qualifications they might have, frightens them.

One of the most annoying classroom problems is the frequent absence of students for Communist Party or Komsomol activities. These attract the students who can least afford to miss their lectures. It was evident to me, as it was to the bulk of the faculty, that students lacking in scholastic qualities were likely to join the Party Committee or Komsomol because it helped them get ahead in university life. They knew pressure would be applied in their favor.

Such was the case at the examination of student Petrov. He was impossible. His answers revealed an appalling lack of acquaintance with his subject. I decided that I would have to flunk him. I was telling him this when I felt a hand on my shoulder. At my side stood the Communist Committee secretary. "This tovarisch really knows his subject very well," this older boy informed me, "but Party activities took him away from so many lectures, and because of his extensive social work, he was unable to prepare in full for your tests." He asked me to resume the examination so the young man could prove how well he knew the subject.

I couldn't help smiling, for it was

absolutely clear to me that he was an ignoramus on the subject. He had never come to class prepared. I told the secretary that I had spent a couple of hours with the youth already, and it was useless. Thereupon, in a more formal tone, he told me he "would appreciate it very much" if I could continue the examination, and "I will be present." I knew of cases where examiners were accused of purposely flunking a student for Party activities, and did not wish to be involved in anything of that nature. I asked the youth some easy questions, but still his replies were pathetic.

To my astonishment, the secretary replied, "See, he really does know the answers; he just doesn't express himself well. He's so tired out." I continued asking simple questions until

I had accumulated enough correct answers — ignoring the others — to add up to the lowest passing mark. The secretary smiled appreciatively, shook my hand warmly, thanked me for my "understanding," and went out with his comrade. He left me feeling very depressed.

These experiences of mine, selected out of a lifetime, are typical, particularly for those persons in the Soviet Union who, like myself, did any intellectual or professional work in any important center. The accumulation of such incidents and pressures, and the atmosphere of eternal suspicion and apprehension which they create, constitute what actually is a normalized state of terror. They constitute the living environment of what we weakly try to explain by the phrase, police state.

WHEN GULLS RETURN

BY ETHEL ROMIG FULLER

WHEN gulls return at evening
To the great salt marsh
They throw their wild cries on ahead,
Trumpet-harsh.

Cries of those who bring back
Gold fleeces. On each breast
Evidence, sun-gilded,
Of conquest.

Haunting cries of distance
Sea birds ever comb;
Cries of all wayfaring hearts
Nearing home.

ABRAHAM CAHAN AND THE FORWARD

BY J. C. RICH

IN THE densely populated reaches of the Bronx or Bensonhurst a gray-haired old lady will pester her distracted grandchild into going to the corner newsstand to bring her "the paper." And on a lonely poultry farm somewhere in the expanses of Utah, a lean, sun-baked old gentleman will ask his middle-aged son whether he has picked up "the paper" at the RFD mailbox. "The paper" in each case might well be the *Jewish Daily Forward*, a widely-circulated, eminently readable, violently hated and fiercely cherished Yiddish-language newspaper. There are at least three other Yiddish dailies in the field, but these can be referred to only by their given names; the *Forward* alone is "the paper."

To its readers the *Forward* is a pleader of causes, a dispenser of news and information, an organ of cultural diffusion, a defender of economic justice and a repository of entertainment and edification. The paper is consciously designed to supply its public with all varieties of good reading matter, and it succeeds so well that many readers who absorb every-

thing that the *Forward* has to offer have little appetite and probably less time for more substantial forms of literary provender. It thus develops that among the immigrant People of the Book, books and magazines do poorly, while the Yiddish papers in general and the *Forward* in particular have an avid and omnivorous following.

The *Forward* dominates the Yiddish newspaper field from a ten-story building at New York's Rutgers square, where blazing electric signs on the roof tell homegoing crowds that "the paper" is still there. One rooftop event still remembered by the building's inhabitants is the passage overhead of the *Graf Zeppelin* shortly before its final explosion at Lakehurst. To this day *Forward* people are convinced that the flight directly over the building was a Nazi reconnaissance effort, an attempt to ease the joint in preparation for subsequent V-Bomb assaults. May Day parades in the old days started and wound up at the *Forward*, and Socialist election-day victories attracted huge throngs of celebrators to "Forward Square."

J. C. RICH edits the *Hat Worker*, published by the United Hatters, Cap and Millinery International Union. He was for many years the city and labor editor of the *Jewish Daily Forward*, for which he still writes feature articles, fiction and editorials.

Jubilant cloak and suit workers often marked the ends of strikes with voices uplifted in song and feet directed toward the *Forward* building. And on one memorable occasion some men's clothing tailors, dissatisfied with the settlement of a strike, congregated at the building and demonstrated their irritation by smashing the *Forward's* windows. Editor Abraham Cahan, who was then a scrappy, vigorous man of 53 (he is now 87) went out to face the tailors. He told them that he sympathized with their grievances and urged them to continue the strike. But he added:

Whose windows do tailors come to break? It's just like a husband who comes home angry and fretful from a bad day in the shop. He quarrels with his wife, whacks the kids around and smashes dishes on the kitchen floor. Will he go into any other house to smash the dishes? No, he goes to his own home. This is your home, for the *Forward* is your paper.

The tailors cheered him. The occasion was climaxed by Cahan's collapsing on the platform: he had to be taken to a hospital, where it took an emergency operation on a duodenal ulcer to save his life. While he was convalescing he completed the first outline of his celebrated novel, *The Rise of David Levinsky*, which many critics have rated one of the masterpieces of American literature.

II

Cahan's assertion that the paper belonged to the people was not just an empty boast. The paper was founded largely with the support of working

people, who gave up dimes and quarters, wedding rings and gold watches to supply funds for the first issues. The enterprise became commercially profitable and is still a going concern. Today the *Forward* owns its building in New York (which houses a fully equipped modern printing plant), a building and printing plant in Chicago for its Western edition, a building for a branch office in Philadelphia, radio station WEVD and several million dollars in bonds. But its most important asset is, of course, its readers, of whom it has as many as all its competitors combined.

At the height of immigration the *Forward* sold 245,000 copies a day. Its present circulation is 144,000. The drop can be attributed partly to the development of English-language tabloids, whose pictures and monosyllabic reporting make them readily understandable to foreigners. More important, however, are the virtual cessation of immigration and the natural mortality among the older generation of Jewish immigrants. The business management of the *Forward* estimates wryly that the paper makes a profit of three dollars on every paid obituary announcement, but loses thereby four dollars of annual revenue from a reader who has been permanently cancelled out.

The ownership of the *Forward* is vested in an association of some 150 members who pay dues of a dollar a year for the privilege of belonging to the organization, but who derive no monetary profit from their paper's

operations. There are no stockholders in the *Forward*, and no dividends have ever been declared or distributed. Over the years the paper has donated large sums to aid struggling unions, workers on strike, Socialist election campaigns, various literary and cultural institutions and undertakings, and such philanthropies as the Joint Distribution Committee, the Red Cross, the Children's Rescue Fund and refugee relief.

The *Forward* Association elects the editor, the business manager and the administrative committee annually by secret ballot, and holds all to strict accounting between elections. Substantial expenditures must first be approved by the Association, and matters of editorial policy are subject to question and revision by it. Even the leonine Abraham Cahan, whose competence and authority as editor have never been seriously challenged, has often been obliged to accept adverse decisions by the Association — which he invariably does with good grace as did the late B. C. Vladeck, the business manager and as does his successor, Alexander Kahn.

The origins of the *Forward* go back some fifty years to a split in Daniel De Leon's Socialist Labor Party. De Leon, a brilliant and domineering egomaniac, possessed enough personal magnetism to attract a number of faithful fanatics, and enough wormwood and vitriol to repel everyone else. His basic premise was that the revolution was just around the corner, and that only the stand-pattish leaders

of labor were keeping the panting proletariat from their goal of Marxist emancipation. He denounced the efforts of the newly-formed AFL to reduce the work week to 54 hours as "reformist," called Samuel Gompers a "swindler" and eventually formed a number of opposition unions which were organized into the revolutionary Socialist Trade and Labor Alliance. When this group began to collaborate with anti-union employers, and to use open strikebreaking tactics against the AFL, many of De Leon's followers grew disgusted and set up an opposition organ, the *Vorwärts*, or *Forward*. Many of its present-day readers still refer to it as the *Forverts*.

The *Forward* grew up in an era when thousands of immigrants without formal education or understanding of American *mores* were being exploited in urban sweatshops. To orient these people to American manners and customs became one of the paper's first tasks. Editorials were printed urging the use of forks and spoons and pleasant table settings, and on one occasion the editors warned that only a greenhorn would fail to use a handkerchief when it was required, because even spitting was considered unmannerly in the United States.

Abraham Cahan sometimes got hell for taking up space with what were presumed to be such trivial subjects, but he persisted, and even enlarged the scope of the lessons to include dissertations on American traditions and American history. The *Forward* was, and still is, one of the chief in-

struments of Americanization of the Jewish immigrant population of the United States.

III

Abraham Cahan, the only editor the *Forward* has ever had, has also been called the editor of all the Jewish newspapers in this country. The concepts he developed, the features he originated and the styles he set have been widely copied by other Yiddish-language papers. At 87 Cahan no longer burdens himself with the more onerous editorial chores such as doling out assignments, dreaming up headlines and sweating over layouts, but he comes into the office every day, dictates an occasional article, discusses the turn of events as they will be reflected in the *Forward*, and by criticism and direction puts the stamp of his personality on the paper.

Cahan's appearance, like his personality, is vivid and arresting. A mane of silvery hair in orderly disarray, a high forehead, searching blue eyes, an aquiline nose, a full but not fussy mustache and a round but strong chin set over a sturdy frame of medium height make him a handsome and distinguished old gentleman. His motions are animated, sharp and determined. As he talks, he gesticulates to drive home a point. Vehement in the expression of opinion, he will not easily be persuaded to a contrary point of view, but he loves to argue for argument's sake, and if the debate takes a humorous turn he will burst out in hearty laughter that reverber-

ates over the entire loft of the ninth floor, which houses the editorial rooms. He is not above occasional puns, and is prepared to switch into English, Yiddish or Russian to make them.

A hot news story still arouses the old fire horse in him. At eighty, Cahan attended every session of the Lindbergh kidnapping trial, straining to catch every phrase uttered in the hot, congested courtroom in Flemington. A specially installed telephone, in the room where he lodged at the home of a Jewish tailor, enabled him to send daily "color stories" to New York under his by-line.

Cahan's absorbing interest in literature has been one of the reasons that the standard of literary criticism as well as the quality of fiction printed in the *Forward* have always been high. Cahan reads serious fiction slowly, underscoring passages that interest him and filling the margins with extended comments of his own. Over the years he has been able to transmit some of his appreciation of literary art to readers of the *Forward*, and he has had good success in ferreting out some talented unknowns and giving them their start. Thus I. J. Singer (who wrote *The Brothers Ashkenazi*), Z. Schneour (*Song of the Dnieper*) and Sholem Asch (*The Nazarene*) were all printed in the *Forward* long before the general reading public had ever heard of them. Although Cahan is himself entirely non-religious, he eventually broke with Asch and refused to print him after the latter be-

gan his series of works on themes of Gentile theology. But with all his absorption in good literature, Cahan has not been above printing flashy thrillers to build up circulation, and he has even supplied some plots and lead chapters for serialized *romanen* written by others.

Cahan has mellowed somewhat with the years, but in the old days he was considered a bit of a tyrant in the office. Writers often had what they thought was their best copy mercilessly derided as "fancy," and were told that the editor didn't want "any Carusoes in the office." Reporters who lapsed into polysyllables or put style ahead of content had to stand by helplessly while Cahan called upon the elevator man, or some other representative of the paper's readers to judge the disputed passage. If the man was unable to understand the copy it was thrown away or rewritten.

IV

The staff is ruled, though not very absolutely, by managing editor Harry Rogoff. Staff members are generally not very punctual about getting to work on time, and after they talk over their assignments with Rogoff there is a vast amount of kibitzing in the office which Rogoff has little success in breaking up. Most of the writers are personally friendly with the managing editor and generally have no objections to including him in their own *shmooes*. Despite these distractions Rogoff has consistently turned in tightly written and closely reasoned

essays on political and social developments; they are one of the *Forward's* main attractions.

Shortly after noon the news staff begins to drift into the office. The first arrival is charged with assembling the swathes of news dispatches that have come off the ticker during the morning. The copy of the Jewish Telegraphic Agency, written in Yiddish, is brought by messenger; labor news, announcements of meetings, institutional items, publicity material and the like are sent in from the various departments. It all has to be translated into Yiddish (except the JTA material), which is not always very easy because the Yiddish language has no proper vocabulary for many expressions in modern economics and science. Late in the afternoon the news editor arrives, checks the events reported on the ticker and estimates their relative importance, and then begins to write headlines and organize a rough layout of the front page. By seven P.M. the place is a madhouse. The final city edition is finished at ten and begins running on the press subject to change until eleven. After that, anyone who discovers any catastrophic omissions may as well keep the news to himself. The compositors have gone home.

All Yiddish papers, the *Forward* not excepted, accentuate feature articles rather than straight news. A typical issue of the *Forward* will devote about two pages to news items and more than six to other reading matter. The news pages naturally stress stories

of special interest to Jews, but they do not deal entirely with "social problems," and there is a daily layout of pictures which often brighten up the page with cheesecake. There is a roto-gravure section in the Sunday edition.

Still another light item is the daily *Bintel Brief*, in which readers submit their personal problems and invite the editor's comment and advice. Other Yiddish papers occasionally refer to the *Forward* in deprecation as the *Bintel* paper, but all of them have copied the feature in one form or another.

V

A typical Saturday issue of recent date included the following features on its inside pages: an installment of a novel by Isaac Bashevis, brother of the late I. J. Singer; a biographical sketch of Adolph A. Berle, the new state chairman of the Liberal party; a piece on some of the more colorful figures among the Jewish population of Tel Aviv; a rather longish short story based on the author's experiences in Nazi torture camps; a light "think piece" dealing principally with human beings' ability to evade the unpleasant facts of life; a two-column editorial summarizing the United Nations session on Palestine; an analysis of Gromyko's sudden about-face in the Security Council in respect to Jewish interests in Palestine; a human interest piece entitled, "She Was His Wife for Several Years, Had a Child by Him, and Did Not Know Who He Was"; a humorous article ex-

plaining how the author-playwright failed on Broadway; the daily *Bintel Brief*, which on this particular day printed a rather controversial letter attacking all women; an article which made the point that Jews should not identify indifference to their problems with anti-Semitism; a department on "Medical Questions"; a sentimental reminiscence by the Yiddish writer, Abraham Reisin, recalling gossip and events concerning the literati he has known here and abroad; a résumé of the recent lynching trial in Greenville, South Carolina; and three *romanen* entitled, "When the Heart Is Young," "Her Beautiful Dream" and "Before the Storm," all presented solely for their entertainment value.

The *Forward* has never run a comic strip, and even gets along without the daily editorial cartoon which is a must in most American papers. This indifference to standard journalistic procedure is due not so much to any Puritanical preference for the earnest and ponderous, as to Cahan's curious blind spot concerning these features. Comic strips are omitted because Cahan personally has difficulty making anything out of them, and while he has no objection in principle to editorial cartoons he has never been able to find a cartoonist who combined first-rate draftsmanship, an understanding of Jewish problems and a gift for social satire. The *Forward* does, however, print a number of illustrated jokes on the humor page of the Sunday edition.

Several years ago the *Forward* tried running an English-language section every Sunday, which was slanted toward serious-minded adolescents. Although the editors got Bertrand Russell, Ramsay MacDonald and Philip Snowden to write serious non-fiction, and though Leonard Lyons contributed a lively gossip column, the experiment was not a commercial success. It was found that a certain number of youths were reading the section, but most of them turned out to be the children of immigrant parents who would have bought the *Forward* in any case. The English-language page was dropped after a time.

The *Forward* has some very strong opinions on a wide variety of subjects, and generally expresses them with forcefulness and pungency. Although the paper grew up in the socialist movement it has been consistently anti-Communist, and it broke with Norman Thomas and the Socialist Party when the latter group

became involved in the Communist-dominated "united front." Cahan was one of the first Socialists to give open support to Franklin Roosevelt and the New Deal, a heresy which almost led to his expulsion from the Party. In its fight for social democracy the *Forward*, at one point, had a hand in the formation of the needle trade unions, whose subsequent workers' benefits were got within the framework of peaceful industrial relations. The paper is non-Zionist, but has pressed for the admission to Palestine of the displaced Jews of Europe.

Fifty years old now, "the paper" is still the vigorous champion of a generation that rid itself of the sweatshops while it was learning Americanism. Its influence is still felt wherever there is a settlement of Jews of immigrant stock, and the profound Jewish faith in the processes of American democracy can be traced in large measure to the journalistic labors of the *Jewish Daily Forward*.



DOWN TO EARTH

by ALAN DEVOE



ANIMALS AND THE WEATHER

EVER since the first man blinked his astonished eyes and wrinkled his sloping ape-forehead, in the first dim dawn of puzzled understanding, there has existed among us a realization that nothing in nature happens isolatedly. There is no such thing as a lone event, or any solitary phenomenon, uncaused and uncausing. A fall of rain has something to do with a growth of seeds. The travel of the sun is somehow linked with a travel of birds. When a coat of shimmering whiteness spreads over a plain or prairie in October, all the grasses crinkle and turn brown, as in an act of ritual obedience, and all the woodchucks, as in another ritual, take to the under-earth and become motionless. Nothing occurs alone, in solitary selfness. Everything is caught up together, in a gigantic web of interconnection and mutuality.

The effort to understand and chart the workings of these interrelation-

ships has been the history of science. The effort to reckon why anything occurs at all, and what significance is in it, and what is the ultimate ground-of-being of the whole, has been the history of metaphysics. What was born on this planet, with the moment of rationality, was at once Scientific Man and Religious Man: a hunter perpetually, in two realms of value, for the thing called meaning.

The most ancient accompaniments of our human days have been two. From the first, we have found ourselves companioned by animals. From the first, we have found ourselves companioned by weathers. Even today, as millenniums ago, the great majority of men are still farmers or hunters or both. In a continuity stretching back to Adam, it has been man's preoccupation to deal with animals — with a spear or a yoke or a leash, as the case might be — and with the continual shiftings and changings of the weather, a thing equally intimate and vital to him. It is not strange that, in the search for

meanings, animals and the weather should have formed the data for his earliest judgments and guesses; nor strange that interconnections between the behavior of animals and the behavior of the weather, noted or imagined in the time of the most ancient Pharaoh, should be embodied in a lore that persists today hardly changed. It is a necessity to man, looking upon the universe, to see meanings and connections. Whenever he has established, or thought to have established, such a pattern of order, neither he nor his descendants will lightly relinquish it. It must have been a day of no small triumph for the man, ten thousand years ago, who established to his satisfaction and to the tribal satisfaction that when a wildcat persistently washes its face a thunderstorm follows. A million farmers and countrymen today, inheritors of that fragment of meaningfulness in a puzzling and random-seeming world, are not going to give up their conviction. They continue to look to their house-cat. They continue to look up, confident, at the sky.

The lore of animals and weather, thus cherished and persisting, contains innumerable articles of belief. They vary a little from place to place, but many are nearly universal. They are fascinating to collect.

II

The body of beliefs divides into three classes. In the first are those that are close to pure myth and magic, arising from that view of nature which sees

in it a showing-forth of auguries and portents, an occult revelation.

There is a caterpillar popularly called the "woolly bear." It is the larva of the common tiger-moth, and it is reddish brown in color, black at either end. The relative widths of the black and brown areas are not always the same. They vary from individual to individual. Upon the width of the dark area, uncountable countrymen today continually depend for their information in the autumn as to how long the coming winter will be.

This is simply divination. It rests on the view that the gods communicate their secret plans in obscure ways, as by the look of a caterpillar or the arrangement of the entrails of a sacrificial goat. At this stage of understanding, the lore of animals and the weather includes similarly a belief in the creation of dooms, in the manner of the violation of tabus. Wilfully molest a spider and there will result ill-fortune. Step on an ant and the rains will fall. Lost in the mists of antiquity is the identity of the man who undoubtedly did kill a spider and did undergo bad luck. Unknown is the man who perhaps slew an ant just before a cloudburst came. But tribally we remember these ones. There are farmers in plenty who are as careful in hay-time to avoid treading on an ant as is any Oriental priest of the temple.

In the second category of the lore about animals and the weather are those beliefs which derive from a central belief in the Fatherhood of

God, the Providence of the Great Spirit, the perfection of the administration of the Sky-Father. Since the All-Powerful orders all things well and rightly, it must be supposed that the lives of the animals, under that Superintendence, are operated by direct instruction. And so, watching them, there is to be learned what weather the Great Power has in store, by observing what provisions the animals have been moved to make.

If the squirrels gather large numbers of nuts in the autumn, the winter will be severe. If the gatherings are small, so will be the snow and the cold. Are the bears fat or lean? We may trust their pre-information. If the spring birds come to us early, it will be an "early spring." The All-Father would surely not misguide them. Do the autumn birds stay with us late? They have their secret information, and autumn will be golden and prolonged. How thick are the coats on the deer? There must be a connection between this and the future of the elements, surely, in the scheme of loving orderliness. Is a mourning-cloak butterfly seen abroad in the late winter woods? Further experience of bitter wintry weather can hardly be expected, else were the butterfly unthinkable misinformed by the Source of all information.

This second set of articles of belief has an even higher tenacity than the first, being so firmly linked (albeit by the link of faulty logic) to the concept which sees the whole universe held in one grand pattern of creative order,

nowhere capricious. It is born of a clearer view, than the mythic and magical one, of the unity of all things, and their creatureliness and common source. It will be understandably a long day before an excessive fatness of the September woodchucks fails to move provident and God-fearing husbandmen to cut up and store an extra supply of stove-wood.

In the final class of the persisting lore of animals and the weather, there are those beliefs which rest neither on a magical-mythological interpretation of the universe, nor on a faulty deduction from the scheme of monotheism, but which are the result of hardening the probable and the approximate into the rigidity of supposed certainty and dogma.

When hogs frantically carry straw to make a shelter, it is believed, mightily bad weather is on the way. When all the cows lie down at once, it will certainly storm. When the robins in the daytime emit a peculiar "rain-hollering," the rain will fall. It will rain if the cuckoos cry. It will rain if the tree-frogs make an uproar. It will rain if the flies bite excessively. When in the winter the wild birds continue feeding late in the day, snow is coming.

All these have a certain truth in them. Robins and hogs and chickadees and many another kind of creature do respond to a fall in barometric pressure. They are often stirred to particular activities when bad weather is closely impending. The flaw in the persisting doctrine about them is that

they are not, any more than ourselves in our own activities, infallible. Animals have their special senses and acuities. But sound sense graduates into fancy in the supposing that their activities are under a kind of guarantee of divine inerrancy, so that their message may be read with a trust as in a revelation. The probabilities about them, the practical likelinesses, have been codified into maxims and mathematical sets of rules.

It is so with the lores pertaining to animals as seasonal calculators. When the first spring "peeper" (the tree-frog) is heard, a thousand or a million confident countrymen mark the date on their calendars and make their annual remark: "Three more frosts to come; the tree-frogs have to be frozen three times." When the first katydids of late summer utter their sound, inestimable numbers of listeners look at one another and make their annual remark: "Six weeks to frost." When on the second day of February the woodchuck is believed to issue from hibernation and make his Groundhog Day calculations, farmers and urbanites alike are concerned with the answer to their annual question: Will the groundhog find gray weather and thus stay abroad (which means that the spring is here), or will he find brightly sunny weather (which will cause him to see his shadow and send him scurrying back underground, whereupon we must expect six more weeks of winter)?

These are the dogmas, now ridiculous, that enwrap a reasonable nature-

wiseness and common sense. After the time of the first peepers, there generally *are* about three heavy frosts, more or less. (But there may be none, or there may be a dozen.) After the first katydid note in the New England summer, it is likely to be about six weeks to frost. (But it may be one week, or it may be ten.) A glitteringly bright day in early February is likely to be a cold one. A foggy day is likely to be warmer. To that degree (but only to that) a groundhog has something to say about the progress of the spring.

The translation of likelihoods and probabilities into iron articles of faith may be guessed to arise, in every case, from the human eagerness to see in the universe dependability and order, precision and meaning. It is this origin that gives to even the most preposterous parts of belief a kind of pathetic dignity. It is easy to be amused by the enduring nonsense-notion that there is a meteorological significance when three bullfrogs are found sitting in a row. It is not hard to be contemptuously superior in the face of the fancy that all kinds of wild creatures, during blizzards, mystically lose their natural antipathies and predatoriness, and all join together in an amity of common creaturely brotherhood. But the second of these suppositions is only a kind of blurry distortion of those ancient Eden-dreams which are one of man's oldest efforts to find a meaning, and a good meaning, in his bewildering world. The notion of the bullfrogs, if certain

anthropologists are right, hides under its ridiculous exterior a memory of that titanic attempt to find in creation a stupendous meaning-clue: the concept of the Trinity.

III

Science is in perpetual process of correction and revision. Yesterday's "facts" are continually becoming today's discarded myths; and it can always be confidently expected that some of this morning's certainties will have been made untenable by this afternoon. It is one of the best reasons, second to charity, why it is inadvisable ever to laugh too hard at what anyone believes.

The lore about animals and the weather is no exception. It seems unlikely that science will find, on some tomorrow, that treading on ants brings rain. It is not probable that the theory of the Trinity of Frogs will be officially vindicated. But there are always chances for entertaining re-

versals, to amuse a man and keep him humble.

"The crickets chirp faster when the temperature goes up." Believers in traditional weather lore have been believing that for ages. They have fancied that, just by listening at the window to the crickets' chirping, they could tell before venturing outside what temperature to expect. It was a fancy to give high merriment to the scientifically superior.

The merriment has lately subsided. It was quieted by Dr. Edwin B. Frost, Director of the University of Chicago's Yerkes Observatory, and Dr. Harlow Shapley, Director of the Harvard College Observatory. They undertook to do some scientific cricket-listening. They came up, at last, with a formula: Count the number of chirps a cricket makes in fourteen seconds. Add forty. The total is the temperature.

Ninety percent of the time it is accurate to within two degrees.

FABLE

BY HANNAH KAHN

ONCE a child with innocence
 Discovered the world had a barbed-wire fence.
 The fence was sturdy and secure
 But the will of the child was firm and sure
 So she pitted her strength against the wire
 And broke on the barbs of her young desire.

MEMOIRS OF A FLAGSTOP

BY STEWART H. HOLBROOK

ONE particular flagstop I remember with deep affection was named Columbia Bridge. The story-and-a-half depot reared up from a meadow along the remote upper reaches of the Maine Central railroad in New Hampshire, and took its name from the wooden covered bridge that crossed the Connecticut River to Lemington, Vermont. Under the bridge, every spring for longer than any living man could remember, there had passed millions of feet of logs, mostly spruce, while on their rolling decks there had run and leaped generations of lumberjacks, driving the sticks like wild horses down to the droning mills at Mount Tom in Massachusetts.

Both the bridge and the depot were built before I was born, and in my time showed their age by the crop of moss on the one and the weathered paint on the other. They were perhaps a hundred yards apart, and both were marked so that the passing traveler, whether on horse or train, might know something of his progress and also something of the customs of the region. On the little depot, the legend COLUMBIA BRIDGE was painted in those curlicued letters whose font is called "Barnum." On both ends of the bridge itself there was a charac-

teristically brief Yankee inscription: Walk or Pay Two Dollars. It might be well, for the sake of a new generation that never knew the horse, to explain that the sign meant you must not trot or run your team across the bridge.

For many years the bridge was a toll affair. Most of the old settled families had a yearly pass, costing, I believe, five dollars, but all other persons had to pay a few pennies each time they crossed it. The toll house was kept first by one Jed Butler, and when the railroad arrived in 1888 he began to take care of the post office and in addition rented mileage books for passenger travel on the Upper Coos railroad (the old name of the Maine Central). Mileage books were used on all New England railroads for many years, and every village had a man like Jed who acted as broker or renter and charged $\frac{1}{4}$ cent a mile for his capital and services. I am certain that even a rented mileage book was cheaper than buying tickets, for otherwise Yankees would have had no truck with them.

In Jed Butler's time there was no depot. The toll house was invaded by persons waiting for the cars, when Jed would let them, and near the house there was a small raised platform for mounting to the train. Trains

never stopped, of course, unless someone aboard wanted to get off or unless Jed flew a flag from the toll house door; but they carried the mails and the sacks had to be put off while the train was in motion. Tossing off a bag was simple, but putting one aboard was another matter, for the Upper Coos railroad either had never heard of a mailbag standard or, more likely, was not going to waste its dividends on any such trumpery. And so for many years, Jed's wife Mary, a stout and rugged woman, listened hard for the whistle of the oncoming train, took her bag of letters and waited confidently on the little platform. The railway mail clerk leaned well out of his side door, clung to the rocking car with one hand and scooped the bag from Mary's uplifted arms, meanwhile kicking off the Columbia Bridge sack of mail. It was an acrobatic act fit for Sig Sawtelle's Great United Shows and Moral Exposition.

I regret very much that I never witnessed that scene, but people who did have told me it was something to remember — Mary, out there in storm or sun, and often in fearfully cold weather, standing staunch against the worst the elements could do, leaning slightly if the wind were hard, watching the train that was bearing down upon her, timing the moment exactly when she must lift up her arms to hold, as if in supplication, the sack to be caught and whisked away, in order that young men in Boston and New York and Beloit and Seattle might know that life still went on at

home — might know, for instance, that George Ramsay had just got married, that Bill Simms had bought a new Buckeye mowing machine, or that Harry Blodgett was taking orders for enlarged crayon portraits.

Once the sack was safely aboard the train, Mary dusted off her hands, picked up the incoming sack, and returned to the toll house to sort the United States mail for Columbia Bridge, N. H. — letters, catalogues from the Larkin Company of Buffalo, N. Y., copies of the *New England Homestead*, of *Hoard's Dairyman* and of *Comfort*, and now and then a pension check for this or that veteran of what the GAR men called the War of the Rebellion.

For several years Mary the Mail Maid continued to meet all the trains faithfully and promptly, while Jed made certain that no down-river slicker from Littleton or Concord crossed Columbia Bridge without payment of two pennies. Then, in 1896, Progress arrived. It arrived in the shape and form of Henry Ballantyne, who built a real depot and installed in it not only a post office but a store; and the railroad, which had become the Maine Central, stirred no doubt by the vast undertaking, erected a frame upon which to hang the mailbag, an efficient thing of two arms which was coordinated with the iron arm put out, on approach, by the railway mail clerk. Henceforth, Columbia Bridge depot was on a par with any other flagstop in all New England. It sported sockets in which to display

the flag, and a platform some sixty feet long, to say nothing of a neatly painted outhouse. In the Maine Central timetables the existence if not the importance of Columbia Bridge was attested by a printer's mark called a dagger, † (later changed to an *f*), and the legend: "Stops on signal to discharge or receive revenue passengers."

There were two trains daily each way, bound north and south, for ten months of the year. But in July and August a third train each way was added. This Summer Extra was to carry city folks who had discovered the wild beauty and low prices in extreme northern New Hampshire and Vermont, well beyond the farthest fringe of the vulgar White Mountain region, where natives had been gouging visitors ever since the times of Nathaniel Hawthorne and Thomas Starr King. The only Pullman cars seen on this branch of the Maine Central were those on the summer extra in July and August.

II

The heyday of Columbia Bridge as a depot and store and place of philosophy and entertainment began in 1900 when Will Bailey, a kindly gentleman, took over store, post office and depot. The place got a bright new sign, the structure was painted and, since there was considerable logging in the neighborhood, quite a number of passengers and a vast amount of freight were regularly unloaded from the passenger trains or the daily mixed. Moreover, Will Bailey stocked his store to

perfection. I've been in my share of little crossroads stores but never have I seen so much and such varied merchandise in so small a place. He had everything from overalls and Johnson Pants and Bass Calked Shoes to Clark's Mile End Thread, from Cliquot Club soda pop to Dr. Perry Davis' Painkiller, Good For Man or Beast.

To entertain the loafers and waiting passengers he also had the first slot machine I ever saw, and a huge Swiss music box. The slot machine was a five-cent play, and was said to pay off at irregular and widely spaced intervals, perhaps a dozen times a year. I can recall Heman Nason, a talented habitué of The Bridge, as the depot-store was known, popping his eyes when the little cup rattled furiously and filled to overflowing with nickels; but it was the only time I ever saw anyone win.

The great music box played prettily for one cent. The records were at least eighteen inches across, and gave out with *Over the Waves* and *Sweet Rosie O'Grady*, among others. Maine Central trains were not noted for promptness, and Will Bailey probably did quite well with the music and gambling entertainment features of his place. What he made out of them, however, he lost by giving too much credit to too many worthless risks. I know of half a dozen families that virtually lived off Will's great goodheartedness, and never, I am certain, paid him more than a dollar or so at a time on account. When he died, his

books showed more than \$10,000 in bills owed him.

Will lost money, too, because he sold candy — or rather gave it away. At Columbia Bridge we could buy a gigantic bag of mixed chocolates and gumdrops for one cent; and a dime's worth of stuff was about enough to give any boy or girl a stomach-ache. We youngsters walked as much as six miles altogether in order to spend one cent at Will Bailey's depot store. Kids always recognize such bargains.

If practicable, and sometimes if not, we timed our visits to coincide with the arrival, or more often the passage, of a train. The favorite in summer was the seven-fifteen in the evening, northbound. It might stop, to let somebody off; or, if it was to be flagged, then Will would permit a good boy to stick the flag in its sockets. The seven-fifteen ordinarily had three cars — a combination baggage-mail-express car, a smoker, and a day coach. Once in a long time a train might come along with a special car, toting some brass hats from Maine Central headquarters.

The up, or northbound, trains could be heard when they whistled for Cone's Siding, some four miles off, and could be seen a bit later crossing the handsome broad meadows of Miss Jeanette Holbrook, where they made fast time on the level straightaway. But the southbound trains came around a sharp curve to the depot, and were passing on the fly almost before a boy could dash outside to see if the one-cent piece or two crossed pins he

had laid on the rails were going to remain in place or be thrown off by the vibration.

One of the Maine Central's glories was Conductor Frank Clark, a perfectionist who always tried to stop his train so that his passengers to and from Columbia Bridge, and especially the ladies, might step down on the rather short platform rather than in the mud. Conductor Clark rated his engineers high or low according to how near they came to stopping at what Clark held to be the correct spot. On one occasion when passenger Rufus Jodrie, no lady, wished to be set off at Columbia Bridge, the engine driver overshot the mark and the train did not come to a full stop until after the last car had passed the depot and platform. Conductor Clark announced the station sonorously and then, seeing that Jodrie was showing no signs of getting off, told him to "Hurry up. I am late already." Mr. Jodrie was in no hurry. "I will be goddammed," he said in a loud voice, "I will be double goddammed if I will get off out here in the suburbs. I bought a ticket to Columbia Bridge and that's where I want to get off — not out here in the back forty." So, Conductor Clark, the perfectionist, backed up the Maine Central's Coos County Flyer fifty yards and Mr. Jodrie stepped down in style to the platform. The affair was discussed and chuckled over by depot loafers for the next quarter of a century.

The depot was a natural loafing place, and Agent Will Bailey enjoyed

loafers. To see the evening train pass, or stop, whichever the case might be, there was pretty sure to be a gathering of the regulars, come from nearby farms and logging camps. Long John Bell, six feet nine inches tall, was likely to be present, and was the chief reason that passing strangers came to believe Columbia Bridge harbored a race of giants. Another regular was old Charles Morrison, a marked man, a man to be reckoned with, for it was Charles, by his own report, who when captured during the Rebellion and taken to General Jubal Early's tent, lectured the tough old Confederate on the arts of war. You could hear all about it from Charles' own lips, in the depot, at almost any time during forty years.

Most of the depot gang were native-born and story-tellers to a man. There was also a scattering of Irish from the Old Country who were even bigger and better story-tellers, men like Barney Rooney and Jim Flynn, who were wonderful liars, and who all loved, though none would have admitted it, to hear the steam cars whistle and see and smell the smoke, and perhaps catch a glimpse of some pretty face at a window, and to witness the wonder of picking up the United States Mail on the fly.

Like the Grand Central terminal in New York, like all other railroad stations everywhere, the Columbia Bridge depot was now and then the scene of tragedy. One such event occurred early one morning around 1901, when a number of local sports

were leaving to attend the Coos County Fair at Lancaster. Among them was the aforementioned Mr. Jodrie, patently a man who liked to ride the cars, and Gene Jordan and Jim McLaughlin. The down-train, the train they must catch or miss half the fair's wonders, was due at six-fifteen A.M. Almost at that hour, on this particular morning, Jim McLaughlin went to visit the little house behind the depot, erected there for the comfort and convenience of Maine Central passengers. Knowing full well that the six-fifteen seldom if ever arrived at the flag until six-twenty-five or after, and reckoning that he had plenty of time, Jim was about his business when the sharp blast of the down-train sounded from around the curve. A moment later it stopped.

One can appreciate the predicament of Jim McLaughlin, victim of an occurrence as unprecedented as the on-time arrival of the six-fifteen. If the car windows were open that morning, which being early September was not at all unlikely, then the passengers heard shouts coming from somewhere behind the depot: "Hold the train! Hold the train!" But Conductor Clark, or whatever other perfectionist was aboard, shouted his all-aboard, and away went the train on its way to Lancaster and the marvels of the Coos County Agricultural Association's great annual event, while out back of the Columbia Bridge depot Jim McLaughlin gave voice to his disapproval and chagrin. "You're one hell of a railroad," he told the Maine

Central. "You're a jeasley, black-hearted railroad that won't wait for a man — you're not accommodating at all."

Jim had to wait for the eleven-fifteen, and in the meantime he told Depot Agent Bailey again and again of the shortcomings of the Maine Central, a railroad, he vowed, not to be spoken of in the same breath as the Montpelier & Wells River; a line mean and contemptible compared to the Grand Trunk, a streak of rust and corruption beside which even the Quebec Central, haywire though it was — beside which, in fact, the Quebec Central was a paragon of a railroad. Will Bailey was glad when the eleven-fifteen arrived.

III

Columbia Bridge, both bridge and depot, aged gracefully. The patina of time and weather turned the bridge into a fit subject for picture postcards, much admired by the summer people who see quaintness in anything outside their ken. The structure burned in 1911, quite properly from a shower of Maine Central cinders; but the new bridge, built in 1913, looked antique almost immediately and it, too, went onto the postcards.

No matter Mr. Ford, the signs at the ends of the new bridge still said "Walk or Pay Two Dollars." No matter the new popularity of cigarettes, a sign inside the bridge still urged the men of Vermont and New Hampshire to use the old reliable chewing tobacco, *Battle-Axe*, A Great Big Piece

for Ten Cents — a splendid sign made of tin in the form of the classic battle-axe, and colored bright red. In spite of the advances in therapy for man and beast, Mr. Kendall still had a placard advertising his Spavin Cure, and Dr. Arnall told all that his Mandrake Bitters were the same today as they had been in your grandfather's day, as no doubt they were. Dr. Knight still advertised his Opodildoc, an almost miraculous and protean remedy; and those two Old Testament prophets, the Brothers Smith, still eyed all traffic across the bridge and warned the traveler that coughs are hard on the system but can be readily prevented. In addition to these and other apparently immutable worthies, Mr. Walter L. Main, for more years than I can remember, announced that his Mighty Circus would be at North Stratford on July 8th Only, or some other summer date, to amaze all who beheld it. How sad Mr. Main's faded pictorial one-sheets looked when the bridge cracked with frost in December. . . .

But the horseless carriage was sneaking up on the Maine Central, just as it was on all other railroads, especially those operated in regions of sparse population and little freight. The three trains a day, fixtures for half a century, gave way to two, then to one and finally that one to a mixed train which never saw or sees the same man twice as passenger, if he can help it. But it makes no difference now to the Columbia Bridge depot. The little structure still stands, but it is an

empty and decaying shell, its windows staring, sightless. Not for an age has a flag hung there, or a train stopped, other than to set off an empty boxcar at a pulpwood siding.

I regret its passing. Probably all of us regret the passing of anything that gave us innocent pleasure in our youth, even though its survival would be an anachronism, as Columbia Bridge depot certainly would be. I don't think I ever knew a railroad station that could change so quickly and so manifestly from deep calm, almost somnolence, to a state of excitement bordering on frenzy. The magic of the steam cars was never more apparent than here.

I remember best the winter evenings, waiting to see the seven-fifteen come in, or by. The big stove in the center of the room gave off welcome heat, and the warmth aroused and fused the assorted smells of Will Bailey's store — that mixture of coffee, spices, tea, candy, liniment, kerosene and wool clothing which tell or told of a country general store, to my mind one of the most powerful nostalgic aromas there is. In winter we had to scrape the windows with a knife to see anything that was going on outside. While we waited frost snapped the nails in the depot rafters and clapboards, and the single telegraph line hummed desolate in the bitter cold.

If the loafers were many and the talk consequently loud, one of us youngsters kept going outside to listen for the whistle that would well up out

of the dark four miles south to tell us that she was passing Cone's Siding and would be along in about twelve minutes. Will Bailey might let one of us hang out a lantern or put the mailbag in its frame, for even if the train did stop, the mail was picked up by the mailcar's steel arm.

Then she'd whistle a mile down the track for Columbia Bridge. The rails would start to hum and presently we could see her headlight far across the meadows, gleaming like a bright evening star in a darkling sky. As she came on, the light stabbed the night as though it were a slice made by a gigantic butcher knife. When she came nearer we could see the headlight trembling, rocking with the locomotive, and the engineer whistling for the stop. She'd come up to Columbia Bridge depot pretty fast, then the brakes would go on and the train would often skid to a stop, a process said to be terribly hard on wheels and brake shoes.

Once it had stopped excitement mounted, for when the fireman keeps ringing the bell, with its urgent warning to passengers to be spry and get off and on with speed and order, to watch their steps and clear the tracks, the urgency of the big city is brought suddenly into the bucolic quiet of the country out back of beyond. At Columbia Bridge seldom more than two passengers got off. Now and again a trunk came out of the mysterious recesses of the baggage car. Meanwhile, small boys and grown men gaped up at the lighted windows, seemingly a

full mile of lighted windows, strange heads and faces at each window — men, women, girls, babies, all strangers, all going somewhere, all impatient to get going again, some looking with amusement or condescension at the rustics beside the tracks, quaint natives who still thought a train of steam cars a sight worth staring at.

They were right, these amused or condescending passengers, these travelers who never knew Columbia Bridge except as a hick flagstop in the wilderness, a picture suddenly framed by a car window, and just as suddenly dissipated by night as the train resumed its way. They were right, at least so far as I am concerned. Seeing a train of cars pass Columbia Bridge

at night remains one of the greatest spectacles I ever saw. To watch a Constellation take off or land is as nothing in comparison.

To me, the distance between two points is still measured in railroad, rather than in air-line or bus-line miles. Perhaps this is as good a sign as any that I do not belong to the younger generation, either in years or in spirit. But I still find room for pity for the generations too young to have known the steam railroad in its heyday, which lasted for some eighty years and cast a sorcery from which I, for one, have never attempted to escape. It was a sorcery as powerful at Columbia Bridge, New Hampshire, as at Grand Central, New York.



PRAYER FOR SLEEP

BY JOHN VAN BRAKLE

O SLEEP, O deep and dreamless sleep, come like
A scented lily's breath,
For I am weary and I want to die
A temporary death.

Can you answer these questions about HIGH BLOOD

Q. What is high blood pressure?

A. High blood pressure, or hypertension, is a condition in which the pressure of the blood against the walls of the arteries and their smaller branches shows a persisting and large increase above normal. A temporary rise in pressure, such as may result from physical

or emotional strain, is a perfectly normal reaction, and is NOT high blood pressure. However, if such rises occur frequently and are excessive, they may indicate a tendency toward hypertension in later years.

Q. What are the causes of hypertension?

A. Sometimes high blood pressure is associated with kidney ailments, local infections, or glandular disturbance, but the cause in most cases is unknown. It is known

that hypertension occurs most frequently among those who are *middle-aged or older*, those who have a *family history* of hypertension, and those who are *overweight*.

Q. How does hypertension affect your health?

A. Persistent high blood pressure makes your heart work harder and nearly always results in enlargement of the heart muscle. The arteries are usually affected; there may be damage to kidneys, eyes, blood vessels of the brain, and other organs. Fortunately, *if discovered early*, hypertension can often be controlled.

If you have periodic physical examinations your physician will check your blood pressure regularly. His guidance can probably help you keep your blood pressure down, or, if it should go above normal and stay there, he may be able to start corrective measures at once before serious damage has been done.

PRESSURE?

Real hope for those with high blood pressure

Thanks to modern medical science, people with high blood pressure today can often avoid serious complications, and enjoy a long and happy life . . . especially if the condition is discovered in its early stages.

In many cases treatment such as diets, rest, elimination of infections, reduction of weight, at least to normal, and special drugs may be necessary. Surgery has been used effectively in some instances, and psychotherapy has proved helpful at times in removing

fear of the disease and lessening emotional strains.

Medical science is constantly increasing its knowledge of high blood pressure. Aiding in this work is the Life Insurance Medical Research Fund, supported by 150 Life Insurance Companies, which makes grants for special research in diseases related to the heart.

To learn more about this subject, send for Metropolitan's free pamphlet, 87-L, "Blood Pressure—Everybody Has It."

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SONGS AND FIDDLES IN U. S. POLITICS

BY ROBERT SHANKLAND

IN RECENT years American voters have shown an increasing susceptibility to candidates for public office whose claim to the public trust fairly glows with lightheartedness. Mountain fiddlers and backwoods ballad singers are no longer curiosities in our capital cities; possibly we are destined to become a nation led by the piping of folk music.

The voters have only themselves to blame for this abusive treatment of the democratic processes. If mummery wins elections, the aspirant politician may be forgiven for embracing it. Sometimes, like Louisiana's Governor Jimmie Davis, he insists that he has no choice. When Jimmie declared his candidacy in 1944, he was a nationally known songwriter, the author of "You Are My Sunshine," "It Makes No Difference Now," "Sweethearts or Strangers," "Bedbug Blues" and other successful tunes. "Ah didn' really wanta conduct a hillbilly campaign," he once explained in his sorghum drawl. "Ah wanted to get out with the boys and do a little o-ratin'. But aftah mah first two speeches, Ah could see that folks weren't interested

in hearin' me talk, so Ah went home and called up the boys in the band and said; 'Tune up yo' fiddles.' Aftah that we had about fo'ty minutes of singin' and five minutes of talkin'."

Usually the troubadour politicians are not taken seriously at first, except by the local voters they court. Whenever a new one appears, the press treats him as something quaint and comical and therefore unimportant. Citizens removed from the scene of the contest are often astonished to discover that a harmless merry-andrew they have been reading about is the new governor or senator.

Last year big Jim Folsom, running for the governorship of Alabama, got this standard handling. The nation learned that he was six feet eight inches tall, that he campaigned with a hillbilly band, that he brandished a mop and bucket (for cleaning up the state capitol) and that his antic stump behavior included removing his shoes. Everyone could afford to laugh heartily, because — the story went — his chances for election were meager. The likely victor was thought to be Lieutenant Governor L. Handy Ellis, a

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seasoned politician. But the voters decided that Mr. Ellis could exercise his experience in lesser positions; for governor they wanted Big Jim.

II

The career of Pappy O'Daniel serves as one of the clearest illustrations of the miracles that a little musical talent can work. When Pappy entered Texas politics nine years ago, he was even more lightly regarded than Jim Folsom was last year. He seemed to have nothing to recommend him to anyone's political attention, at least for the office of governor, which he bravely sought in his debut. He did, however, have a sound understanding of the value of a cheery tuneful approach to the public. He had been using it in the flour trade with remarkable success for years.

During his Kansas boyhood Pappy's way with a song had earned him the nickname "Canary." Later, settled in Fort Worth and making only ordinary progress as a Light Crust Flour distributor, he seized upon an idea for fattening his sales figures. He picked up a hillbilly band, which he named the Light Crust Dough Boys, and went on the air. The results were spectacular. Pappy's renditions of "Home on the Range" and "The Tramp's Mother" had Texas housewives practically queued up in their anxiety to buy Light Crust, and Pappy himself soon ranked as one of the most persuasive entertainers in the state. In 1935 he struck out for himself. He organized the W. Lee O'Dan-

iel Flour Company, offering Hillbilly Brand Flour, and changed the name of the band to the Hillbilly Boys. His fans went right along with him.

The reasons behind his decision to run for governor in 1938 are debatable. Certain cynics still believe that it was just another flour promotion stunt and that when he emerged the winner over twelve opponents, Pappy was the most astonished man in Texas. It hardly seems possible that even Pappy could have been sanguine enough to expect victory. Besides the handicap of inexperience, he had no discernible political connections, and his platform was hewn from a single plank: thirty dollars a month for every Texan over 65. He was not even eligible to vote: he had neglected to pay the \$1.75 poll tax.

He launched himself into political life by announcing to his radio listeners one day that he had received a postal card from a blind man urging him to run for governor. "What shall I do about it?" he asked. This plaintive appeal brought "54,499" hortatory replies. Pappy is not a man who requires endless encouragement. He and the Hillbilly Boys climbed into a sound truck, and reinforced by the three O'Daniel children — Pat, Mike and Molly — they barnstormed the state. Pappy told the citizenry of his unswerving allegiance to the Golden Rule and the Ten Commandments, and he plumped for an old-age pension. His answer to realists who inquired into problems of state was: "Strike up a tune, boys!"

He was re-elected two years later and twice he has been sent to the United States Senate. In Washington, fearful lest the many miles between him and his admirers dull his radiance, he broadcasted to Texas every week. He once said in his chatty style: "Mother and I are just the lostest folks you ever did see, up here in the big city living in hotel rooms," while the Hillbilly Boys played "Home Sweet Home" softly in the background. He depends heavily upon "Home Sweet Home" and "Home on the Range," but two of his own compositions, "Beautiful Texas" and "Sons of the Alamo," have also served him well. He rounds himself out artistically by writing poetry.

In the Senate he would probably join Idaho's Glen Taylor in a duet at the drop of a ten-gallon hat — to liven up a filibuster, say — if the sharp divergence of their political opinions did not discourage this kind of amiable collaboration. Cowboy Glen, as hotly New Deal as Pappy is stonily conservative, has a background similar in its irrelevance to statesmanship. Before taking up the toga, he was a tentshow performer, co-star with his wife Dora of a touring company called the Glendora Players. The voters of Idaho may be somewhat more tone-deaf than those of Texas, for the Crooning Cowboy of Pocatello suffered three disappointments before he made the congressional grade. Still, winning a United States senatorship without having held previous public office is an impressive accomplish-

ment, and the melodic approach proved valid in the end. Dora and their son Arod (Dora spelled backwards) join him in entertaining the folks. Early in his Washington career Senator Taylor, who is an irrepressible sort, shocked those of his constituents with a feeling for punctilio when, with considerable publicity, he strummed his banjo on the steps of the national capitol and sang in celebration of his inability to find a place to live:

Oh give me a home
Near the Capitol dome. . . .

III

The founder of the *toujours gai* school of politics is not readily identifiable. Fifteen or more years ago, when the cogent tenor of Happy Chandler first began to be heard beyond the limits of Versailles, Kentucky, Happy was sometimes described as an original. The observers who so labeled him had the sun in their eyes. Happy's career was showy and successful — in five campaigns, before he abandoned politics to become commissioner of major league baseball, he was defeated only once — but it was not trail-blazing.

His only setback came at the hands of Alben Barkley in the 1938 senatorial contest. Barkley, up for re-election, had been the Senate majority leader for a year, and he was stoutly endorsed by President Roosevelt. Happy ultimately went down to defeat, though not without first putting up one of the most memorable fights in Kentucky's political history.

His frenetic rounds of handshaking, back-slapping and baby-kissing, his enameled grin, his echoing renditions of "Sonny Boy," "There's a Gold Mine in the Sky" and "The Voice in the Old Village Choir" attracted the notice of the entire nation, but in the end, Barkley, who was worried enough to depart from discussing political issues for an occasional croaking chorus of "Wagon Wheels," prevailed.

As many Southerners can testify, Happy Chandler was antedated by at least half a century, and it is doubtful that even at his best he had the all-around gusto of Senator Robert Love Taylor — "Our Bob" — the left-handed fiddler of Happy Valley, Tennessee. Except in his home state, where he and his brother Alf have become part of the folklore, Fiddlin' Bob is regrettably just about forgotten. His special endowment was a degree of uncontrived, coruscant charm that few men in public life, or anywhere else, are ever gifted with.

Fiddlin' Bob was a Democrat. Brother Alf, two years older, was (and it stands as another example of the political incongruities spawned by the Civil War) a Republican. In 1878 Alf made a bid for the nomination for congressman from the old First District in the eastern part of Tennessee, but in spite of a considerable following, he failed. A little backroom chicanery delivered the honor to one Major A. H. Pettibone. The resulting disaffection was great. The Democrats, seeing an opportunity to cap-

ture a normally Republican district, cleverly nominated Bob, who had probably never given participation in politics a thought.

IV

Major Pettibone was an orator of the old school and a formidable campaigner. Bob did not attempt to debate with him. Instead, at the conclusion of one of the Major's florid addresses, he would make a few remarks, then pick up his fiddle and go to work — using the technique Jimmie Davis many years later described as "fo'ty minutes of singin' and five minutes of talkin'." Bob was not an accomplished musician; according to Brother Alf, he "lacked almost everything of being a good common mountain fiddler." But he grinned as he played, his whole body shaking, and with a few bars of "Tramp the Devil's Eyes Out" or "Old Granny Rattletrap," he would have the crowd roaring. The Major did not take to these tactics kindly, and did his best to emphasize the unimportance of fiddling skill in a congressman. Bob would pick up a carpet-bag and place it on the table beside his fiddle, and ask: "Which do you prefer?" The voters preferred the fiddle, and Bob went to Washington. He was twenty-eight years old.

But the great incident of his life, the event that will always insure for him and Brother Alf at least a footnote in the pages of American history, was the gubernatorial campaign of 1886, the so-called "War of the

Roses." Fiddlin' Bob was the Democratic nominee, Brother Alf the Republican. It is fairly safe to assert that no subsequent campaign in our annals has equaled it for all-out whoop-de-do. Beside the War of the Roses, the doings of Chandler, O'Daniel, Davis and company seem fusty.

The brothers stumped the state together, from one end to the other, in three grueling months of joint debate. Everywhere they were received in circus style, their appearances being made into wonderful jamborees, and the candidates reveled in the campaign as much as the populace did, though they assumed so convincing a pose of unflinching rivalry that their father grieved over it. Their mother indicated her allegiance by shouting "Hurrah for Taylor!" as the panoplied chariots went by.

In one of his first speeches Fiddlin' Bob said: "We are two roses from the same garden," and an amateur historian in the crowd gave the campaign its name. Bob's partisans adopted the white rose as an emblem, Brother Alf's the red rose.

They traveled from town to town by whatever means they could. Two bands were always waiting for them, one bedizened in white, the other in red, the Democratic band pumping out "Dixie," the Republican band "Yankee Doodle," as ladies presented giant roseate horseshoes and fiddles, children shouted and men cheered. Each candidate delivered an address during this ceremony, another at the hotel and a third when his supporters

serenaded him at nightfall. Then both picked up their fiddles and started a country entertainment. Often they were still going strong at dawn, telling stories, singing duets and solos, and fiddling endless choruses of "Rack Back Davy," "Jennie, Blow the Fire Strong," "Sour Wood Mountain," "Chicken in the Dough Tray" and other Tennessee favorites. Then a nap — and on to the next town and another bout of the same thing.

v

It was truly a punishing schedule, yet neither brother ever lost the light touch. In their speeches they insulted one another glibly, but not very sincerely, and in the privacy of a shared hotel room they whooped with laughter at what had gone on. They liked to do such things as lift effective passages from one another's orations. Once a delegation of high-spirited Democrats accosted Republican Alf alone in a hotel room, thinking he was Bob, and suggested that he join them in a little drink. Alf gave them a stern temperance lecture and told them that if *that* was the kind of no-account they were, Alf Taylor would welcome their votes, not Bob. On another occasion the War of the Roses was scheduled for Memphis coincidentally with Barnum's circus; the brothers thoughtfully postponed their engagement, so that — as one editor put it — "the circus might get a crowd."

Bob won the election. Before his career ended, he served as governor

three times and once as senator. His fiddling, his wonderful poker-faced way with a story, and his infectious geniality assured him a lifelong popularity with the rural voters, to whom he referred as "my blessed rednecks." Between periods of officeholding he toured the nation as a lyceum lecturer, once with Brother Alf in a re-enactment of the War of the Roses. His seriocomic monologues — "The Fiddle and the Bow," "Love, Laughter and Song" and "Visions and Dreams" — packed houses everywhere and succeeded in filling his pockets, which had a way, however, of quickly emptying again.

Brother Alf ultimately became governor himself, in 1920, eight years after Bob's death. By then Alf had served three terms as congressman. His election opponent argued that Alf was too old for the office. Alf replied with a long but exciting description of a fox hunt, told with all the Taylor flair, in which an aged hound named Old Limber bested the younger dogs, and that was followed with a singing of "Mary, Don't You Weep" by Alf's three sons and a young friend of theirs, who called themselves the Old Limber Quartette. The story of Old Limber, the peerless foxhound, is one of the bright threads in the fabric of the Taylor legend, which will probably live as long as Tennessee.

VI

From Bob Taylor to Big Jim Folsom is a long jump, but Fiddlin' Bob had at least one much earlier successor.

Four years after song and fiddle entered Tennessee politics in Bob's first campaign for Congress, a young man of Wyoming turned the same weapons to the same purpose there. In 1882 Wyoming, still nearly a decade away from statehood, was electing a territorial delegate to Congress. The Democrats nominated Morton E. Post, a Cheyenne banker, for the office. The Republicans chose a Civil War veteran from Laramie City named John W. Meldrum. Post looked unbeatable. Money talked in a loud clear voice in Wyoming — Post was a millionaire; the Union Pacific Railroad waved the big stick — Post had its support.

The territory was inhabited almost entirely by natives of the East and the Midwest. John Meldrum had been born in Caledonia, New York, had fought in Grant's 1864 campaign, and had settled down in Wyoming four years later. There he soon began to dabble in politics, serving as clerk of the circuit court, county clerk and county commissioner. He was a man of only modest means, and with nothing but his war record and his known capability to recommend him, he did not shape up as much of an opponent for Post.

Perhaps he had heard about Bob Taylor's success in Tennessee. Perhaps his good friend the editor of Laramie City's Republican newspaper, the *Boomerang*, knew of Fiddlin' Bob. Whatever his inspiration, he decided to use his own talent with song and fiddle, which was in occasional demand for local dances, to put

him in Congress. He started out by naming himself "The Red-headed Rooster of the Rockies," possibly another notion of his friend the editor, whose name was Bill Nye and whose wry sense of humor was beginning to attract the attention of the nation. Meldrum then stumped the territory from east to west, stopping at every town along the railroad, where the bulk of the population was congregated. He was well received. He gave the crowds what they wanted — Stephen Foster — and they soon seemed so likely to give him what he wanted that the Cheyenne interests began to see storm signals. As a Civil War veteran, Meldrum appealed to the men; as a tall young baritone, he appealed to the women, who were able to vote in Wyoming territory even though the nineteenth amendment to the U. S. Constitution was not to be enacted for about forty years.

Bill Nye wrote of Wyoming elections: "Generally when the sun went

down on election day, the ground had that disheveled and torn-up appearance peculiar to the grave of Brigham Young the next day after his aggregated widow has held her regular annual sob-recital and scalding-tear festival." Meldrum made a close contest of it. Each man carried three of the six counties, but Laramie County, of which Cheyenne was the seat, went to Post, and it was the most populous. Post won by a thousand votes.

Meldrum was acting governor of Wyoming in 1890 when it was admitted to the Union. Later he served for many years as United States Commissioner for Yellowstone Park, a position he held until 1935, when he was ninety-one years old. Even in his last years, aged as he was, he could be easily persuaded to get up and sing "Camptown Races," and "Polly Wolly Doodle" and Stephen Foster ballads.

The seed sown by Bob Taylor and John W. Meldrum is burgeoning like Jack's beanstalk.



BUTTER VS. MARGARINE

BY HUBERT A. KENNY

MILLIONS of us tasted and liked margarine for the first time when it was rationed at six red points instead of the sixteen required for butter. After V-J Day we accepted the butter shortage as a necessary hang-over from the war, but the shortage of margarine, which we had come to think of as an always plentiful and palatable substitute, was a shock.

Margarine will not be plentiful for months to come. The common explanation is that because of the worldwide shortage manufacturers cannot get enough food fats to supply the demand. But that is only part of the answer. For sixty years, Federal and state legislation has hampered the sale of margarine so that it has never come close to equalling the popularity of butter, and in the years before the war the demand for margarine was small.

Without restrictive legislation, the demand for margarine would have been far greater. In consequence, the demand for cottonseed and soybean oil would have been greater, their prices higher, and far more soybeans, especially, would have been grown.

Instead of today's shortage, we could have had a surplus — a surplus to share with a world in distress.

Margarine was born in time of distress — in the years before the Franco-Prussian War. Faced with drastic food shortages in the 1860s, Napoleon III offered a large cash prize for an economical substitute for butter. A French chemist with the unlikely name of Mège-Mouries came up with the answer and won the prize, not because he was looking for a substitute, but because he was trying to concoct a synthetic butter. In 1869 he made a barely palatable and greasy product that didn't look, act or taste like butter, but did somehow provide a concentrated food at low cost.

Four years later it emigrated to the United States, where the state of New Hampshire immediately ordered that all margarine must be colored pink. Just as the state's butter interests had hoped, housewives refused to buy pink margarine, but the United States Supreme Court invalidated the law. This was the beginning of a 60-year fight between the dairy interests and the margarine manufacturers. A gadget

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called the Lovibond tintometer is employed to measure the amount of "white" in a sample of margarine. In 1931 Congress passed a law — which is still in effect — requiring that any margarine which shows more than 1.6 degrees of yellow on the tintometer shall be taxed ten cents a pound.

Sixty years of manufacturing and research have now turned margarine into an eminently edible commodity. Until only recently no one had succeeded in making margarine that wouldn't freeze to icy hardness at ordinary refrigerator temperatures, spit like an angry cat in the frying pan, separate or scorch. But today, texture and other characteristics, especially taste, are so similar to butter that even professional butter-scorers, whose jobs largely depend on keen taste discrimination, have been fooled.

Yet the constituents of the two products are quite different. Butter is made from cream which may or may not have been ripened with a pure culture starter in order to bring out the flavor desired and to give it a keeping quality. Churning the cream separates the butter fat which is washed, usually salted, formed into prints or poured into tubs.

Margarine manufacture, on the other hand, is not a process of separation so much as one of combination. Starting with the edible oils such as soybean and cottonseed oil, the margarine manufacturer refines them until they are practically tasteless. He may process them to control the working qualities and consistency

over a wide range of temperatures, add Vitamin A and churn the mixture in cultured skim milk, which imparts much of the same flavor that cultured milk or cream gives to good butter. Then he adds salt and forms the mixture into prints.

The oils and fats used in the manufacture of margarine have varied widely over the years, and may be expected to vary in the future according to their availability and price. Coconut oil, lard and oleo oil may all be used, but in recent years cottonseed and soybean oil have accounted for more than 90 per cent of the product.

II

In the earliest days, margarine's one claim to consideration was its economy. Yet by 1886, our dairy interests looked on it as a powerful threat. Marshalling their forces in New York, they branded it a "dangerous competitor," brought pressure to bear upon Congress, and in August of that year, pushed through the first Oleo-margarine Act, with its crippling taxes and license fees. In 1902 they jumped the first act's tax to 10 cents a pound on colored margarine, dropped it to a quarter cent a pound on uncolored, and set the annual license fees where they still stand today: \$600 for a manufacturer; \$480 for a wholesaler of colored margarine and \$200 for white; \$48 for a retailer of colored margarine and \$6 for white.

So it is, that after sixty years, the Federal government still taxes margarine — the only pure food in the

land so restricted by our national laws.

This discrimination is the direct result of the thorough work of the dairy lobby, whose object is boldly indicated in *The Dairy Record* of June 18, 1941, which said:

We must now all recognize that we are dealing with an implacable enemy who is never satisfied and who will seek to encroach as long as he exists. . . . The dairy industry must set as its goal the complete extermination of oleomargarine. It must never rest until the manufacture and sale of oleomargarine has been outlawed in this country.

It seems quite evident that the fear of economic competition has motivated the long and continuing fight by the dairy lobby. And it is interesting to note that the *Dairy Record*, in its editorial, used the word "encroach" which Webster defines as "to enter by gradual steps or by stealth into the possession or rights of another." Thus the *Record* makes it read as though the competition of margarine were illicit and that the market for the spread on all the United States' bread was a God-given right of butter alone. I don't wish to imply that margarine is an actual improvement on butter, but the opposition of the dairymen to the competing product sounds much like the protests of the old canal men to the infant railroads, or the wagon makers' noise on the advent of the automobile.

Nearly every qualified observer outside the dairy fraternity has complete faith that Federal and state pure food laws afford as adequate

protection against fraud in margarine as they do in other food products. Yet the dairymen have argued time and again that the excise taxes, license fees and other obstructions to the sale of margarine are necessary to prevent palming off margarine as butter—which frequently sells at twice the margarine price.

That is the difficulty: butter simply cannot be produced at the price of margarine. Obviously, then, if larger and larger proportions of the buying public are convinced that margarine is as good as butter, or even nearly as good, margarine will have a huge economic advantage. And because of their fear of this competition, we can expect that the dairy lobby will go on fighting margarine with vigor.

C. W. Holman, dean of the farm lobbyists, has chalked up some exceptional victories for the country's dairymen. He is Secretary of the National Cooperative Milk Producers Federation, and is said to have made a career of fighting margarine. It is amusing to note that both this organization and its rival, the National Association of Margarine Manufacturers, receive support from some of the same members—including the enormous food corporations who make both margarine and butter. But the separate departments war with each other and operate as though they were separate businesses.

In the years after the Federal Oleomargarine Act was passed, a rash of taxes broke out in 27 states, and a web of state tariff walls and regula-

tions was spun to hamper the sale of margarine — to exterminate it, if possible. These state taxes and regulations didn't just grow like Topsy. They were carefully nurtured and spoon-fed by the dairy interests at the expense of the consumer. And to a large extent they account for the margarine shortage today.

III

Most flagrant offender of all the states is Wisconsin. On top of the Federal taxes, Wisconsin requires the manufacturer to pay \$1000, wholesalers \$500, retailers \$25, restaurants \$25, boarding houses \$5. It levies a fifteen cent per pound tax on every sale, and completely prohibits both the manufacture and sale of colored margarine. In addition, any consumer who imports margarine from another state must pay Wisconsin 6 cents for each pound brought in, plus one dollar a year for an import license. Needless to say, there is little margarine used in Wisconsin. But the protests of consumers have grown louder and more voluble as the shortage of butter grew worse and the price increased.

At one time there was some excuse for unusual Federal control, for few deny that margarine's infancy was spent in poverty and squalor compared with its white-tile homelife today. There was some excuse, too, for New Hampshire's pink color law. For in the 1880s, unscrupulous retailers could and did sell margarine at butter prices — beyond reach of the Federal government.

But the old complaint that margarine is less digestible than butter has been scotched time and again by the most accurate and trustworthy authorities. The scientists of the Office of Home Economics of the U. S. Department of Agriculture are authority for the statement that all the common cooking oils — cottonseed, corn, peanut and olive oils as well as butter and lard — are approximately 95 per cent digestible.

These same government scientists learned something else that must have given dairymen cold shudders. For after all the claims for butter's superiority, the Department of Agriculture — the dairymen's own darling — demonstrated beyond the shadow of a doubt that the oleomargarines were just as digestible as butter.

This was evidently too much to take, for these governmental studies were never published in government bulletins like those on the cooking oils. But eight years afterward, when the principal author, Dr. Arthur D. Holmes, had left the Department of Agriculture, they were finally published in the *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal*. The issue of June 18, 1925 carries Dr. Holmes' account of the experiments:

Twenty digestion experiments were conducted with human subjects to determine the digestibility of typical samples of three grades of oleomargarine containing animal fats.

The three grades of oleomargarine contained different amounts of milk fat which was supplied from butter, cream, or milk.

The coefficients of digestibility obtained

for the oleomargarine under consideration were 97.2%, 93.4%, and 96.8%.

Or in other words, margarine was found to be about 95 per cent digestible. The significance of these government findings was explained in *Science* of February 15, 1946 by Harry J. Deuel, Jr. of the School of Medicine of the University of Southern California:

This means simply that 95 of every 100 grams are absorbed from the gastro-intestinal tract during the course of digestion and are therefore utilizable. In this group were all the common cooking oils as cottonseed, corn, peanut, and olive oils as well as butter and lard. . . . Studies on several different oleomargarines by these same government scientists demonstrated equally high digestibilities for the oleomargarines as for butter. It is an interesting commentary that although these experiments were completed in 1917, the publication of the results was not made in one of the series of scientific government bulletins where the reports of the tests on the other fats had been published, but in the *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal* in 1925, after the principal author had severed his connection with the government bureau. Today, no one questions the high digestibility of margarine.

An important corollary follows the finding that margarine is as digestible as butter: the energy value of one kind of edible fat is the same as the energy value of any other kind of fat of equal digestibility. Thus, one pound of margarine yields the same number of calories as one pound of butter with the same percentage of fat.

Before the digestibility question

was so thoroughly settled, the dairy-men actually had a valid argument for the superiority of butter. All over the nation, they spread it thick: butter is a good source of Vitamin A! This was first discovered in 1913, and for years it was played as a trump card against margarine. Actually, according to the New York Academy of Medicine, butter varies from 20,000 USP units of Vitamin A per pound in summer to as little as 500 units in winter.

But as soon as colorless Vitamin A was available and its use authorized by the Government, manufacturers added it in specified amounts. The Federal standard permitting this fortification enraged the dairy lobby for a double reason: fortified margarine now equals the average Vitamin A content of butter; and fortified margarine maintains a consistent level of 15,000 USP units per pound even in the critical mid-winter months when the natural Vitamin A of butter may drop to 500 per pound. Butter may *average* 15,000 units per pound over the year, but the competition can now say, "For dependability, use margarine!"

Margarine manufacturers had to wait for the colorless Vitamin A, however, because since 1931 Federal law has forced them to bleach all but the tiniest degree of natural yellow out of margarine, or pay the ten cent per pound tax. That law — another victory for Holman — revised the old one which taxed only the artificially colored margarine.

IV

But color is no trustworthy index of butter's vitamin content, either winter or summer. In the winter, when cows eat dry feed, natural butter may be almost white, and it is the practice of the buttermaker who wants a uniform product, to color his butter when it is pale — which he does about eight months of each year. Holman's butter-yellow banner is not natural, it turns out, but dipped, alas, in a yellow dye. And — victory again for Holman — butter is the only food in the United States that is exempt from the pure food law requiring the declaration of artificial coloring on its package. The dairy lobby saw to that in a brilliant maneuver of anticipation fifteen years before the present Food, Drug and Cosmetic Act was passed in 1938. It was in 1923 that they lobbied over a special act defining butter as a product "with or without additional coloring matter." Then, during the six years that the standards were being written for the food and drug act of 1938, the dairy lobby stood guard. Victory was theirs when the act was passed with an innocent-looking little statement near its end stating that nothing in the act was to be construed as changing the butter standard act of March 4, 1923. Butter was thereby exempted from the artificial coloring statement — the only food in the land!

Basing their claim on studies made at the University of Wisconsin, Holman's forces made the most of still

another argument: that butter contains a growth-promoting influence independent of Vitamin A, which could not be demonstrated in various vegetable oils.

But that one backfired when Dr. Harry J. Deuel, Jr., at the University of Southern California reported research which utterly refutes these claims, pointing out gross and glaringly unscientific errors in the methods employed at the Madison laboratories in "America's Dairyland." Butter was, it is true, preferred to unflavored vegetable oils by the experimental rats. But Deuel added diacetyl, the butter flavor the buttermakers put in their own product, and the mice, like men, were fooled: they no longer showed any preference.

"The results of our tests," says Dr. Deuel, "showed that corn, cottonseed, olive, peanut and soybean oils, as well as commercial margarine, were all equally efficacious in promoting growth as was butterfat."

Butter and margarine each contain about 80 per cent fat, 16 per cent moisture, 1 per cent non-fat milk solids (called skim milk solids until Holman's lobby had another law passed overruling the food and drugs act of 1938 and changing its official name) and 3 per cent salt. Each has a food value of 3200–3300 calories per pound. The butter fat of butter is chemically different from the vegetable fats of margarine, but no research has ever demonstrated conclusively that there is any significant nutritional difference between them.

Yet by edict of the Federal and state governments, the great majority — the consumers — must pay tax upon tax for this wholesome food.

There is hope for the margarine user, however. The hope for revision of Federal and state legislation lies first of all in public enlightenment, for happily, no law can long remain effective in the United States in an atmosphere of public disapproval. Backed by public approval, the lobby which can vie successfully with the dairy lobby will be dual or triple: cotton growers, soybean farmers, and the margarine manufacturers themselves.

Only 600,000 farmers get their principal income from dairying, though

two million others sell some milk or other dairy products. Compared with the dairymen, there are 1,600,000 cotton growers who get some income from cottonseed oil, and 700,000 soybean farmers whose numbers are growing as that crop gains in popularity. As they swell the ranks, their voices will add strength in calling for repeal of margarine taxes.

The dairy lobby is powerfully entrenched in Washington, but it will never be strong enough to "exterminate" margarine against the will of the people. Sooner or later, at the public's insistence, Congress will write laws for tax-free yellow margarine — not pink.

HIGH TIDE AT FULL MOON

BY WILBERT SNOW

HIGH tide at full moon is the time for love,
When billowy white clouds dominate the sky,
And stars between them graciously remove
All fear of storm as toward the west they fly.
The moon holds rapt affinity with woman,
And keeps in step with all her restless ways;
And to a man the sea is almost human,
Matching his various moods at every phase.

High tide at full moon — dwelling in love's land
Man and maiden are a moon and sea,
Moving and being moved until the sand
Beneath them stretches to infinity;
They drink the wine of night's delicious spring,
And hear the morning constellations sing.

DETECTIVE WORK IN PRISONS

BY JOSEPH FULLING FISHMAN

LONEY J. FLETCHER, deputy warden of the United States Penitentiary at Atlanta, had received an anonymous note, pencilled in block letters, and completely free of fingerprints:

Deppity: They is five gats in the plase.

Any one of the more than two thousand inmates of the institution might have written it. And it might have been a fake, as were so many of the scores of unsigned notes continually being received by the various officers. All had to be investigated, if the institution was to be safely held and the lives of guards and prisoners protected.

So Fletcher turned the note over to a prisoner-chemist for analysis. That brilliant — but decidedly crooked — young man reported that there were some shreds of cotton waste clinging to it. That was interesting, but far from conclusive. Practically every shop in the huge institution used cotton waste.

"Anything else?" Fletcher queried.

"Only a few grains of coal dust. I'm afraid that what I've found won't help you very much."

"Old Calamity" — all deputy wardens are called that — thought differently. There was only one place where cotton waste *and* coal dust might be found. That was the boiler room. The deputy sent for the prison conduct record and the criminal records of the twelve men employed there.

Then he began a process of elimination. First he dismissed as a possibility old "Jerry Jingles," a harmless halfwit moonshiner. Then Pete Kronberg, a stupid German who could neither read nor write. Then "Hooker" Hughes. He had only a "butt" of twelve days left on his "ten-spot." Men on the tail-end of a long term usually take no chances and avoid mixing in anything which might get them into trouble; their thoughts are outside, not in.

That left nine. Of these, Palarimo had just been assigned to the boiler room two days before. It was hardly likely that within forty-eight hours he could have become privy to any plots being hatched by his fellow-workers. Then Fletcher scratched the name of Montrose. He was a "runner" for Mr. Boyle, the chief engineer, a

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cushy job which he prized. Most men with sinecures had only one idea: to hold on to them. In quick succession Old Calamity cancelled out Cashmore, the little bank teller who was afraid of his shadow, and who wouldn't dare report anything the other convicts did even if he knew about it, which wasn't likely; and then Ellendorf, a "pocket diver" from Washington who was expecting to be "sprung" on a writ of *habeas corpus*, and who, in his present state of mind, would be unlikely to be interested in anything which went on in the place that he was so hopeful of leaving in a short time.

Six remained. "Topsy" Ringgold, "Rink" Ruggles and Steve Enslow were "iron workers" doing long terms for attempting to crack a cleverly "bugged" safe. They were desperate men of the type who scrupulously obey all the rules, but who would rather be boiled in oil than tip off a "bull" or "screw" to anything.

The remaining trio comprised Tony Malucci, a bank sneak; Ernest Harlow, a counterfeiter; and "Hooch" Malloy, a burglar; all run-of-the-mill prisoners. One of these three, the deputy felt reasonably sure, had written that anonymous note. He must be a man who for some reason, possibly envy or revenge, wanted to spike an escape plot, but who wasn't going to involve himself if he could help it. Too many men had had "shivs" stuck in their gizzards for doing just that.

Whoever he was, he had to be cut

out from the rest. So Old Calamity hatched a little plot of his own. He sent for Mr. Boyle, the chief engineer, and told him just what to do. The next day Mr. Boyle directed Malucci: "Write a note to the dep, and tell him we're running short of coal. I'll sign it."

Then Harlow was instructed to tell Fletcher, by note, that shovels were needed immediately; and Malloy, to write him that Mr. Boyle intended drawing the fires the coming Saturday, in order to clean the boilers.

After getting Malloy's note, Fletcher sent for him. "Where're those five 'rods' you wrote me about?" he demanded.

The obviously startled prisoner protested that he had written "nothin' to nobody." When Fletcher proved that he had, he tearfully pleaded that his life wouldn't be worth a nickel if the quintet in the plot heard about his having betrayed them.

The deputy had anticipated this. "Nobody's going to know," he assured the frightened convict. "You tell the other boys that I quizzed you about some 'junk' I heard was being smuggled in. I'll call all of them in and ask them questions like that so you'll be protected. Now, where're those guns?"

"In that extra firebox," Malloy quavered; then, his curiosity overcoming his fear: "How'd you know I writ it?"

"Oh, in several ways," Fletcher evaded. "There's cotton waste and coal dust, and the fact that you don't

spell deputy 'd-e-p-p-i-t-y,' the way you did both on that note about the 'gats' and on the one Mr. Boyle told you to write me about the shovels."

The prisoner, more bewildered than ever, went back to his job. Shortly thereafter Fletcher had the five guns in his possession, and each of the quintet who had planned to use them in a crash-out safely in the "bing," the solitary confinement cells.

II

It takes ability of a high order to ferret out the writer of an anonymous note among several thousand convicts, most of whom have devoted their lives to the arts of deceit and dissimulation. Outstanding detective work is being performed every day in the year by efficient sleuths in our prisons. They have to do it if they want to prevent wholesale escapes, violent insurrections and lethal fights. For all big penitentiaries, under their surface appearances of peace and orderliness, are stews of plots, counterplots, and intrigues. Stool pigeons, of course, help the deputy warden — the official usually in charge of discipline — to keep informed, but their tips are frequently of the most nebulous kind. Then it's up to Old Calamity to play Sherlock Holmes.

Loney Fletcher was one of the best of these indoor sleuths I have ever known. On a dozen occasions I have seen him solve walled-in mysteries which would have stumped many a detective on the outside. There was the time a fire broke out in the car-

penter shop. "Luckily it cannot be blamed on the inmates," a local paper reported, "as they had been in their cells almost three hours before the blaze was discovered." Fletcher was not so sure. He summoned the foreman in charge of the laundry and gave him certain instructions. When the foreman reported to him a month later, the deputy called in the inmate-chemist. After he received the result of the analyses, Fletcher sent for prisoner "Itches." Weedon.

That marble-eyed gentleman stared hard at a pair of trousers draped over the deputy's desk, and particularly at the figures stamped with indelible ink just above the knee. It was *his* prison number. Old Calamity kept him waiting a bit; then he said, "Weedon, what's the idea of trying to set the place afire?"

The upper part of the inmate's body swung forward, like that of a man in the electric chair at the first shock. "Why, Deputy," he gasped, "I — I didn't — set any — anything afire."

"Didn't you? Then why did you carry a candle around?"

"Why, I — I didn't — have any — candle, sir."

"You're lying," Old Calamity snapped. "Wait until I prove it to you," he went on, holding up his hand to still the anticipated denials.

It took Fletcher but a few moments to prove it so completely that the prisoner knew further protests were useless. He confessed — as so many criminals do when they realize their

inquisitor knows all about it anyhow—in the hope of obtaining a break from the court which would soon try him for arson. He was still dazed at the speed with which he had been trapped, after he was so certain he had covered all his steps.

Fletcher had known, from much experience, the methods which “torches” use to nurse a blaze. One is to set a long candle in the center of some inflammable material, such as shavings or papers. When the candle burns down it ignites whatever substance is at its base, and thus spreads fire to surrounding areas. The deputy also had known that prisoners usually tied contraband next to some part of their body. As the candles in use at the institution were unusually long, he had figured that the most likely hiding place would be the leg under the trousers.

It’s the practice in this prison, as in most large penitentiaries, to wash the uniforms of the convicts at regular intervals. So Fletcher had instructed the laundry foreman not to wash the garments of the carpenter shop, when they reached his place in the usual routine, until the chemist had had an opportunity to look them over.

When he found candle grease on the inside of the leg of Weedon’s trousers, Old Calamity knew he had the right man. Since candles were carefully guarded, and unused portions had to be returned to the storekeeper, it seemed obvious that the guilty inmate had obtained one through the connivance of someone in the store-

room. Again it became a question of probabilities. The deputy studied the men in the storeroom. The “weakest sister” was Rogers, a former railroad mail clerk. Rogers tearfully admitted, under questioning, that Weedon had demanded that he steal a candle for him, and had threatened him with death if he told anyone about it. Confronted with Rogers’ statement, and with the evidence of the candle grease, Weedon admitted torching the shop. He was enraged because he had been denied parole.

On another occasion, Fletcher was informed by an inmate that another one had told him he had a gun concealed in the tailor shop and was waiting for a good opportunity to shoot his way out.

The deputy could not question the latter about it without revealing the source of his information. Night after night, when the inmates were asleep, he and his men searched the shop, being careful to leave everything exactly as they had found it, so that the inmates wouldn’t know the place had been “fanned.” But they did not locate the weapon.

Old Calamity was not satisfied, because in the past he had found this particular informant reliable. Again he resorted to a trick. When the siren sounded for the noonday meal, and the machines were stilled, he walked into the tailor shop. As he did so, the foreman hurried toward him, holding a cloth-wrapped object in his hand.

“Deputy,” he exclaimed, “I found that gun! Here it is!”

He handed the package to Fletcher, who took it and whispered a few words to the shop guard. A moment later the deputy had the weapon which so many searches had failed to reveal.

What Old Calamity had done was to make the prisoner reveal the hiding place. When the foreman rushed toward him and shouted excitedly that he had "that gun" — it was a piece of wood wrapped in cloth — the owner of the real gun, just as Old Calamity had anticipated, looked in alarm toward the place where his automatic was concealed. The shop guard, watching him closely, saw his frightened eyes fix on a certain spot; there Old Calamity found the weapon, so cleverly hidden between the pipes of a radiator that it was practically impossible to tell by sight that it was there.

That exercise in psychology, applied by a master sleuth, probably saved the lives of three or four guards.

III

J. B. Holohan, for some years warden of the California State Penitentiary at San Quentin, was another prison sleuth of unusual ability. One of Holohan's cases involved a prisoner named Lipton who worked on a night shift and slept during the day. He was struck on the head and badly hurt, evidently by a blunt implement, while asleep alone in his locked cell one day. When Holohan examined him he found a piece of a silver-like substance adhering to the blood and hair.

A number of inmates, including

Lipton's cellmate, Peterson, were in the cell house at the time. All contended they had seen or heard nothing unusual. On the outside, when a husband or wife is killed or injured under peculiar circumstances, the police invariably regard the surviving or uninjured mate as a primary suspect. In prison, it's a man's cellmate. So Holohan checked up, not only on Peterson, but on Lipton as well. He found that they had been pals for a long time, and that they had come to the institution for seven years apiece after being convicted of attempting to burglarize a fur store. He also learned from the police that the two were also suspected of robbing a bank, from which \$10,000 had been stolen and never recovered. They had been arrested for the fur store stickup a few days after the bank robbery.

After ascertaining these facts, Holohan then asked the man in charge of the commissary — where the inmates were permitted to purchase certain items not supplied by the state — to send him a list of the purchases made by Peterson during the previous six months. When this report was received he sent for Peterson.

"You and Lipton are pretty good friends, aren't you?" Holohan asked.

"Yes, sir; and I'd like to get my hands on the louse who slugged him."

"That's easy enough," Holohan replied. "Just put your hands on yourself. You did it."

"I — why, warden, I — why should I — what reason would I have to — to —" the inmate stammered.

"Plenty," Holohan said. "The time of both of you is up in about a week. You've cached somewhere that money you stole from the bank. And you thought that, if you could get your pal kept in the hospital for a few days longer, you'd get out first, grab that ten grand and scam, without the necessity of splitting it two ways."

"That's — that's ridiculous!" Peterson blurted out.

"No, it isn't," the warden shot back. "I found a little piece of tinfoil on Lipton's head the day you slugged him. I also found that, about six months ago, you changed the brand of tobacco you were buying at the commissary. And I know, of course, how you fellows manufacture black-jacks out of closely-wrapped tinfoil. It makes a pretty deadly weapon."

"Suppose you do know it," Peterson said. "What's my tobacco got to do with slugging Lipton? I changed brands because I liked the other tobacco better."

"No, you didn't," Holohan contradicted. "You changed because you liked the package better. And the reason you liked it better is because its tobacco was wrapped in tinfoil instead of oiled paper. And you can't make a blackjack out of oiled paper."

"You tied the ball of tinfoil to the end of your broom," the warden went on, as the prisoner remained silent, "reached through the bars of the cell and slugged Lipton. Then you untied it, hid it somewhere, and, I suppose, later disposed of it."

When Peterson spoke again, after

a pause, there was a note of triumph in his voice: "Suppose there was tinfoil on Lipton's head. That doesn't connect me with the slugging, does it?"

"No, it doesn't," Holohan agreed, "but *this* does."

"This" was a broom which the warden took from a closet. Silently he pointed to the upper part of the handle: several tiny pieces of tinfoil were stuck to it.

"The broom you were using that morning," the warden concluded.

That was the story Holohan told me. Something in his expression impelled me to ask a question: "Was there really tinfoil on the broom handle?"

The warden grinned. "Well," he said evenly, "maybe somebody put it there. But Peterson never would have confessed if he hadn't thought we had something to establish his connection with the slugging."

Deputy Warden Bloyd, of the West Virginia Penitentiary at Moundsville, was another capable prison detective. On one occasion, on a tip from a stool pigeon, he found two guns hidden in one of the shops. The informant didn't know who owned the weapons, and there was no way in which the hiding place could be continually watched without the observer himself being seen.

But Bloyd figured that the convict who had been able to have the guns smuggled in would want to verify from time to time that they were still where he had put them. In order to

obviate the possibility of anyone's being hurt before the plan he had in mind matured, Bloyd replaced the bullets with wax ones, such as are used in stage performances. He then did something else — and waited.

A few days later two inmates came to see the prison "croaker." The doctor listened to their story, examined them, and sent for the deputy. The latter looked at the inmates' red and inflamed hands, and then told them they were going to solitary for smuggling in guns. What Bloyd had done was to have the guns swabbed with a chemical which set up a painful, but harmless irritation.

On another occasion Bloyd had no clue except the suspected theft of a particular brand of soap by an inmate, but he was able to break up an attempt to escape. This soap, unlike others in the institution, was malleable and would not crumble. By having the inmate closely watched, without, of course, his being aware of it, Bloyd caught him in the act of doing what he had suspected — molding a fake gun out of soap, and covering it with tin-foil in order to give it the appearance of being silver-mounted. A phony weapon — Dillinger used one to break out of Crown Point jail — can effect an escape as easily as the real article, for as in the case of beauty, the effect of a gun is in the eye of the beholder.

IV

Other prison officials have told me of similar incidents. Warden Halligan, at the McNeil Island Prison, for in-

stance, was at first puzzled by the method used to smuggle in narcotics, but he solved the riddle when a guard found a packet of morphine hidden in an inmate's cell. He took it to Halligan, who promptly asserted that a dog was the party responsible for sneaking it in.

How did he know? Simply by putting his nose to the packet. It just smelled like dog. Investigation disclosed that someone living on the island was attaching packets of dope to the belly of a dog which wandered in and out of the prison grounds, at that time surrounded only by a wide mesh wire fence.

Deputy Warden McClaughry, at a Midwestern prison, once received a tip that an inmate had some files in his possession. Several complete searches of his cell failed to reveal them. When he was stripped, however, there came to light a long button-hook, strapped between his arm and chest with adhesive tape.

He refused to tell what it was for. But McClaughry reasoned he must be using it to get into a space too small for his hand. Again he went carefully over the suspected man's "coop." There was only one place where a man's hand wouldn't reach: the interior of the drain pipe of the wash-basin.

So McClaughry fished inside it with the button-hook, and dredged up from the interior of that inchwide space five narrow files tied together, and attached with a slender thread to the cross-bar at the outlet of the basin.

THE SKEPTICS' CORNER

by BERGEN EVANS



*That Diogenes lived in a tub
and carried a lantern by day to
look for an honest man*

That Diogenes lived in a tub seems to be founded on nothing more solid than the statement of Seneca, three hundred years later, that he was so surly he *ought* to have lived in a tub like a dog.

And what cynic would look for an honest man?

That suds help in cleaning

Despite the emphasis laid on them in advertising slogans, suds in themselves have nothing to do with cleaning ability. If soap is being used as the cleaning agent the presence of suds indicates that there is some chemical activity left for washing purposes. A soluble sulphonate made from petroleum which works by making dishes wet rather than greasy also makes a great deal of suds but these suds have nothing to do with the detergent action. If a dry cleaner gets any suds he begins to worry.

*That caesarean section was
named after Julius Caesar who
was so born*

That Julius Caesar could have been born of a caesarean section is now generally doubted on the grounds that his mother, Aurelia, survived his birth to become, as Tacitus tells us, the model of a stern Roman mother. It was required by Roman law that all women dying in an advanced stage of pregnancy should be so opened in an effort to save the child but there is no record of the operation being performed on a living woman until about 1500 and very few records of women surviving it until the introduction of modern surgical methods.

Caesar has had a strange posthumous career. The public dearly loves to exalt its heroes. Associated as his name was with the grandeur of Rome he came, in medieval legend, to be considered a dignitary of the Roman Catholic Church and had a bishopric conferred upon him. He was made the flower of chivalry and brought into the Arthurian cycle as the lover

of Morgan le Fay upon whom, in other romances, he fathered Oberon, the king of the Fairies. His sexual prowess was thought to have been tremendous; Rabelais lists him as chief among "the fabulous fornicators of antiquity."

*That cane sugar is sweeter than
beet sugar*

Many housewives are strongly of the opinion that cane sugar is sweeter than beet sugar. In expressing their opinion to this effect they are echoing a bit of advertising for cane sugar that is now more than a hundred years old but is more venerable than accurate. Both sugars are sucrose, $C_{12}H_{22}O_{11}$, and there is no difference between them. Some of the beet sugar is coarser grained, but that is a mere technicality, a matter of packaging as it were, and has no bearing on the taste or chemical composition.

*That a gargle is good for a sore
throat*

The mellifluous warble of the gargle rising like the song of the meadowlark from the great American bathroom is but one more hymn to delusion. Gargles amuse the children, enrich the breath with a therapeutic aroma and give the garglee a satisfactory feeling of having "done something" about his sore throat. But according to Drs. Fabricant, Richards and Mollison (writing, respectively, in *Oto-Rhino-Laryngology*, the *Journal of the Ameri-*

can Medical Association and the *Journal of Laryngology and Otolaryngology*) the gargle cannot have done any good to the throat because it cannot have reached the throat. The very process of gargling "necessitates an approximation of the posterior part of the tongue with the soft palate in order to prevent fluids from running into the larynx." Experiments with dyes to determine the possible efficiency of gargling have demonstrated "that the dye cannot be seen beyond the third molar tooth and cannot reach the tonsillar areas."

*That the hands on jewellers'
"clocks" are set at the hour
Lincoln died*

Lincoln was shot a little after ten, April 14, 1865, and died at seven-twenty the next morning. The hands on the large wooden clock or watch faces used by many jewellers as advertisements are usually painted at eight-seventeen in order to allow as much space as possible for whatever the jeweller wants painted there.

*That Nero fiddled while Rome
burned*

The persecutions of the Christians under Nero led to his exaltation, in the middle ages when the Christians had a practical monopoly on the writing of history, to the position of the baddest man that ever was. There is hardly any wickedness imaginable — and in the business of imagining

wickedness the pious chroniclers were experts — that was not ascribed to him and depicted with vivid details. In fact the propaganda overdid itself and he became slightly funny. Even to this day there is an aura of comedy about him.

The most barbarous and ingenious horrors were attributed to him. It was said that he ripped open his mother's womb merely to gratify a whimsical curiosity about the place of his origin. A question arising as to whether rest or exercise was the more healthful after eating, he commanded two slaves to be fed, had the one rest and the other exercise and both opened to see which had digested his meal the better. And so on.

Of all these delightful anecdotes the only one that remains today is the belief that he fiddled while Rome burned. Some, aware that fiddles were not known in ancient Rome, seek to be more accurate by saying that he played the lyre. Shakespeare, that great reservoir of popular error, says it was the flute.

Tacitus, now regarded as the soundest authority, states emphatically that at the time of the conflagration Nero was at his villa at Antium, fifty miles from Rome.

That doves are love-birds

The conspicuous manner of doves' wooing and the romantic reading of tenderness into the murmuring sounds they make in their excitement has led to a lore of their love life which Dr.

W. F. Hollander (writing in the *Journal of Comparative Psychology*) finds fallacious. Unless pairs of doves and pigeons have plenty of room, he finds, in which to avoid each other, they quarrel dreadfully, often to the point of killing each other.

The harmony of home life in the nest is an age-old delusion. Birds in their little nests, despite the Reverend Dr. Watts, are far from agreeing. Their life is a continual rapacious struggle and such order as is established is a hierarchy of brutal force. Bastian Schmid says that it is common to find "a dead nestling, squashed flat and dessicated" in the nests of the Purple Heron, serving as a carpet for his indifferent relatives.

That one should never go into cold water when heated

The body is capable of adapting itself to severe and sudden changes of temperature. Cold, however, absorbs energy, so that it is wrong to go into cold water when exhausted and one is often exhausted when heated from exercise. But it is in the exhaustion rather than the heat that the danger lies.

That dogs with rabies run away from home

In an article by Albert Payson Terhune, reprinted in the *Reader's Digest*, we are told that when a dog "feels" rabies or other forms of madness "coming upon him" his first

concern is to get as far as possible from his loved ones, to run away from home, so that when "the biting mania shall have deprived him of power to distinguish between his gods and strangers" he shall bite the strangers.

While of course this is a bit hard on the strangers and not in the fullest sense philanthropic, still it is a striking illustration of canine devotion and prescience. Since it is placed beyond question by "a thousand authentic instances," it is regrettable that the police have been so slow to take advantage of it. Heretofore, when confronted with the question of whether a certain dog was rabid or not, they have had to resort to the tedious process of keeping it under observation or the cruel process of having it killed so that its brain can be examined under the microscope. Both unsatisfactory practices can now be abandoned. Let the suspected animal be confronted with his master; if he is rabid, he will run in the opposite direction and perhaps bite the dog-catcher, whose duty will then be clear.

*That tapeworms are concealed
in certain reducing pills*

A whispered horror that one hears frequently is that certain reducing pills are efficacious because they contain tapeworms. It's a strange combination of ignorance and ingeniousness, based, apparently, on the delusion that tapeworms eat vast amounts

of food and thereby deprive their host of nourishment.

Actually a tapeworm eats very little. Many people who have them have no idea they have them, and while there are serious possible dangers connected with them and anyone is better off without them than with them, most of the distress they cause proceeds from the host's agitation about them.

Even if a drug manufacturer were unscrupulous enough to use them and clever enough to devise some mechanical means of introducing them into his pills, it wouldn't pay. Reducing pills can be made of cheaper stuff.

And incidentally, a good dose of reducing pills may do you in a whole lot quicker than a few tapeworms.

*That the child's second year is
the dangerous year*

Any mother has enough genuine worries but few seem content with them. Among their fallacious fears must be classed the belief that pediatricians say they meet frequently — that the second year of life is the dangerous year. Perhaps the mothers themselves don't really believe it. Maybe it's just a way of averting the evil eye: the little darling has survived one full year, but instead of shouting with triumph and thus incurring the envy of malicious spirits the mother chooses to wring her hands and placate them by assuring them and herself that the survival really doesn't mean much because a worse year's to come.

ENGLISH AS A WORLD LANGUAGE

BY FALK JOHNSON

A SINGLE language will some day be understood all over the world just "as surely as, sometime or other, there will be aviation." This half-fulfilled prophecy, made in 1876, was one of many in a nineteenth-century outburst of predictions and proposals for a world-unifying language. One of the proposals, called *A Scheme for Making the English Language the International Language for the World*, was published in London exactly one hundred years ago. Since then English has repeatedly been put forward as the one language for the one world.

English is by no means the only language that has been suggested as the universal medium of speech. From the Middle Ages to the present, more than three hundred artificial languages have been designed specifically for international use; and at least two of them, Esperanto and Basic English, are being promoted today with especial vigor.

Of the nearly three thousand natural languages in use today, at least five — English, French, Spanish, Russian and Chinese — are internationally important. They are the

native tongues of more than a third of the world's population, and they are also the official languages of the United Nations.

No language, artificial or natural, is likely to become understood throughout the world unless it is easy to learn and at the same time well worth learning. Like any other product placed upon the world market, it must be a good bargain — low in cost and high in value. Measured by these standards, which of the competing languages seems best fitted to become "the international language for the world?"

II

The artificial languages are much easier to learn than the natural ones. They were carefully designed to be simple, whereas the natural ones were not designed at all, but developed haphazardly and illogically through thousands of years, sometimes tending toward greater simplicity, sometimes toward greater complexity.

As a result of this planless development, the natural languages have many irregular words like *begin, began, begun* and *who, whose, whom* —

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words which a student can learn only by tedious memorizing. The natural languages also accumulated many idioms, expressions which do not mean what they appear to say. For example, the newcomer to English would hardly know what to do if he were told to "press the young lady for an answer." Some natural languages are further complicated by having sounds that do not exist in other languages. Many Europeans have trouble with the English *th*, saying "wid" instead of "with"; and many Asiatics have trouble with the English *l*, saying "prease" instead of "please." Unreasonable spelling makes pronunciation of the natural languages even more difficult. All too often the letters in a word do not represent accurately the sounds in the word. Newcomers to English can hardly pronounce at sight *pneumonia*, *thoroughfare* and *raise*.

To avoid such difficulties, the designers of artificial languages ruthlessly excluded all useless complications, and shaped their new languages into instruments of communication that are easy to grasp and easy to use. Their products, however, have not attracted enough students to change the basic linguistic pattern of the world. Esperanto has been promoted for sixty years and is now the most widely used artificial language; but out of the world's 2200 million inhabitants, this "universal" language claims less than a million speakers and only three million readers. Even Malagasy, the Indonesian language

of Madagascar, has more users than that; and English has at least eighty-seven times as many.

Why are such easy-to-learn languages so seldom learned? Simply because they are not valuable enough.

The range of information provided by the artificial languages is limited. None claims more than six thousand publications, as contrasted with the millions of publications available in each of the leading natural languages. Furthermore, 90 per cent of the material available in these six thousand publications is translated, and not original work. And it is limited. These publications cannot and do not give thorough coverage of all the subjects in which man is interested.

The natural languages, however, cover every subject from aardvarks to zymurgies. They can reward their readers with an understanding of virtually all arts, sciences and frivolities. They give him access to unpublished material in records, letters and memoranda. The artificial languages cannot. What is more, at their present rate of translation and original production, they never will.

The value of artificial languages is slight also because, as neutral instead of national languages, they are not the normal speech of any people anywhere. They are not widely employed in the everyday affairs of life. They do not rival the natural languages in education, commerce, science, travel or diplomacy. They would have little value as official languages of the United Nations.

Until the artificial languages excel the natural ones in range of information, in the number of people for whom they provide communication, and in use for the everyday affairs of life, they will not rival the natural ones. The conclusion is obvious: artificial languages are easy to learn, but they are hardly worth learning. They have little chance of becoming universal.

III

Which of the natural languages — especially English, French, Spanish, Russian and Chinese — remain as possibilities for universal use? Which one of them, when tested for ease and value, emerges as the most likely to become the world language? Is it English?

In one respect the answer is “no.” The frequent differences between the spelling and the pronunciation of English make it hard to learn. Only Chinese, which has traditionally not employed an alphabet, is harder. French, Spanish and Russian are pronounced more nearly as they are spelled and thus are not as hard as English.

But in other respects English is no more difficult than its competitors. All of them have an approximately equal number of idioms, irregular words and “strange” sounds. In some very important respects, English is considerably easier than its competitors. It has a combination of aids to learning which none of them possesses. It has so many, in fact, that for most

people it would be the easiest of all natural languages to acquire.

One of its greatest aids is its alphabet, which is used by more people than any other form of writing and is also the form best suited for highspeed typing, printing and telegraphing. The Chinese and Russian systems of writing are not known by nearly so many people, and the Chinese is not suited for highspeed writing.

Simplicity of grammar is another aid to the quick acquisition of English. During the last thousand years, English has lost many linguistic complexities which most other languages still retain. It does not have grammatical gender, a linguistic monstrosity that requires a student to learn, not only the meaning, but also the gender of every noun, article and adjective. Often these genders are absurd. In French, for instance, “beard” is feminine and “milk” is masculine. French, Spanish and Russian in varying degrees have grammatical gender.

Of all the aids that English offers its students, none is more helpful than its combined vocabulary. About half the words in the English language come from the Romance languages, and about a fourth are from the Germanic ones. English is about as easy for Germanic peoples as it is for Romance peoples because, in addition to a vocabulary that is 25 per cent Germanic, it also has a grammar that is largely Germanic. For example, Germanic peoples do not have to puzzle over many of our irregular

verbs; they recognize them easily from their own language.

English became an amalgamation of these two groups of languages in the Middle Ages, when the Germanic people of England were conquered by the Romance people of Normandy. The two peoples, in effect, pooled their words; and then, while these words still resembled those in the parent languages, the introduction of printing began to fix their spelling. Though many pronunciations have changed since then, readers of Germanic and of Romance languages can recognize large numbers of English words. English "nation," for example, is identical to the French *nation*, and resembles Spanish *nación* and Italian *nazione*. In this way the 320 million persons who know the Romance languages are often capable of recognizing about half the words in the English vocabulary. In the same way the approximately 125 million Germanic people — who live in Germany, Austria, Switzerland, Luxemburg, Belgium, The Netherlands, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Iceland and elsewhere — are capable of recognizing about a quarter of our words and understanding much of our grammar. For example, the German word for "state" is *staat* and for "begin," *beginnen*.

To the 445 million persons who partly understand English even without studying it, we can add the 260 million native speakers of English. The resultant 705 million people know all or many of the words nor-

mally used in the English language. Actually, however, the figure should be considerably higher than 705 million. At least 350 million people, not included in the figures already given, live in colonial areas where English is an official language. Other millions live in colonial areas whose official European languages are related to English; and still other millions have acquired in schools one of the languages related to English.

IV

It is quite probable that more than a third of the world's population is capable of recognizing huge sections of the English vocabulary. Certainly the vocabulary of no other language can be learned so readily and so naturally by so many people. Clearly, then, it seems that English has good claim to being the easiest natural language. Furthermore, modern techniques of teaching — such as those employed in Basic English, in the Berlitz system and in the United States Army — make it easier to acquire now than ever before. But what about its value?

Dr. Albert C. Baugh of the University of Pennsylvania declares that "a language is important because the people who speak it are important — politically, economically, commercially, socially, culturally." The combined importance of the people who speak English can hardly be estimated. But consider what they have done in the field of the physical

sciences alone. The telephone and telegraph, light bulb and radio tube, steam engine and airplane, aluminum and atomic energy — these are but a few of the many achievements that are credited largely to these people. No other people has made so many and such valuable contributions in this field. The physical sciences, of course, are merely one of the fields in which English-speaking people excel. Their combined importance in all fields — “politically, economically, commercially, socially, culturally” — is far greater than that of any other people.

Because English is the easiest language for the most persons and because it surpasses the others in the values it offers, it seems to be the best linguistic bargain for the world. It seems to have the best prospects of becoming what John Galsworthy called the “single intercommunicating tongue” for all nations.

V

But is the use of English actually spreading across the world? Is English in fact becoming the international language of the world, just as Latin was the international language for the educated people of Europe during the Middle Ages?

Except for Chinese, which is linguistically ill-suited for wide use in the modern world, English is already the native tongue of more people than any other language. Here, in millions, are the approximate figures: English, 260; Russian, 145; Spanish, 115;

German, 100; French, 75; Portuguese, 50; and Italian, 50. English is also used in the most places. It is the dominant language of two continents, North America and Australia. It ranks second in Central America and the West Indies, third in South America, fourth in Europe, and first among the languages of colonization in Africa and Asia.

English continues to spread rapidly. It is taught in many countries where it is not the native speech. Just before the war, it was taught in universities in Poland, Czechoslovakia, Italy and Japan. In some places — among them Luxemburg, Sweden and Norway — it was also taught in the public schools. Since 1935 it has been offered in Norway throughout the school system, from elementary schools to universities, in order “to give the pupils an orientation in the world of today” and because, in the words of one Norwegian educator, “our economic life is oriented westward, to the English-speaking world.” Even during the German occupation, the Norwegians managed somehow to increase the amount of instruction in English by decreasing the time given to German.

Since the war the desire for English has skyrocketed in the countries of our former enemies. In Japan, the demand for an English dictionary is so great that a \$4 one brings \$33.

This postwar trend toward English is further illustrated by the linguistic history of the United Nations. In 1945, delegates of nearly fifty nations

met in San Francisco to decide, among other things, what languages the UN should use. Two kinds were to be chosen: the working ones, into which all speeches and publications had to be translated; and the official ones, into which speeches and publications could be translated if requested. At this meeting all delegations agreed that English should be one of the official languages, and a Chinese representative went so far as to move that English be made the only working language. In its final decision, the conference made English and French the two working languages; and it made English, French, Spanish, Russian and Chinese the five official languages. In actual practice, the UN uses English much more extensively than any other language. Of the speeches given over the simultaneous interpretation system in 1946, none was in Chinese, but approximately 7 per cent were in Russian, 8 per cent were in Spanish, 10 per cent were in French, and the others were in English.

Though most of the world's inhabit-

ants do not know English — indeed, about half of them are illiterate even in their own languages — English now stands head and shoulders above its competitors. None of the other languages is being used so much by international organizations. None has so many of the linguistic qualifications for a world language. None has such a wide and thick geographical spread. And none is continuing to spread at such a rapid rate.

For these and other reasons Professor Carl J. Friedrich of Harvard University is certainly justified in asserting that “English seems predestined to become, if not the world language, then at any rate the most important vehicle of communication throughout the world.” Wilhelm Keilhau, a Norwegian historian and economist who was a delegate to the Bretton Woods Conference, goes further. He says: “Events have, in fact, already made English the leading auxiliary language of the world. What remains is solely the official recognition of an existing state.”



THE RAW SILK BONANZA

BY ROBERT E. ELLSWORTH

AN OLD skin game is once again being worked on the gullible in the United States. Promoters are spreading the word from Michigan to Florida, from the Bahamas to California: there are big and quick profits to be had for little work in domestic raw silk culture. The spiel runs this way:

1. No less than \$6,500,000,000 has been paid out by American textile firms for Japanese raw silk in the past forty years. Shall we let this bonanza go again to our just-defeated enemy?
2. New automatic reeling machines, electronically operated, will take care of the labor-cost differential. One American machine can do the work of twenty Japanese girls.
3. American silk farmers can work with newly developed types of silkworm. These super-worms can spin cocoons of over a million yards of filament as against the paltry six to twelve hundred yards produced by Japanese worms.
4. Not only that: these silkworms oblige the farmer by spinning the

cocoons in eight different colors and eighteen different shades.

5. Vitamins and hormones have been developed for mulberry bushes, multiplying the usual yield many times.

The silk fever is raging from New Jersey to California. It is particularly strong in Texas, New Mexico, Alabama, Arkansas, Utah and Louisiana. Nobody but the promoters — who sell mulberry cuttings, silkworm eggs, and, sometimes, land — knows how many individuals have sunk savings into silk culture. The number is certain to be large.

The California legislature has before it, at this writing, a committee report urging the appropriation of \$1,500,000 for the development of sericulture within the state to assure "the permanent employment of 500,000 unskilled workers."

In Texas more than forty communities are said to be planning extensive raw silk projects; Dallas businessmen have announced the appointment of a committee to study a \$500,000 proposal in which they

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"definitely are interested." Fort Stockton has announced plans for a \$75,000 corporation and a fifty-acre mulberry orchard.

In Arkansas, farmers in Washington and Venton counties have set aside thirty-five acres on which to make raw-silk fortunes.

No one denies that American farmers, if properly equipped and guided, can grow as fine a grade of silk as can be cultivated anywhere in the world. It is true also that the electronic reeling machines can overcome in good part the prewar Japanese advantage of fantastically cheap labor. The point is simply that there will probably never again be a substantial and profitable market for raw silk — no matter who cultivates it.

II

There are a number of signs indicating that silk's heyday is past. Here are some:

1. Before the war more than 85 per cent of the world's output of silk fiber went into the manufacture of hosiery. Now spokesmen for the industry state that they expect in the future to use only 5 per cent of their prewar quantity. Silk will give way, for the most part, to nylon. The silk stockings of the future will be luxury items: two-thread sheers, very expensive and good for only one or two wearings. It is expected that some heavy service weight silks, providing warmth and concealment, will be produced for elderly women.

2. Last November an attempt was

made by Franco Scalamandre, a prominent silk weaver, to enlist the industry in a publicity campaign designed to promote silk fabrics. The industry wouldn't go along.

3. Since V-J Day the RFC has imported into the United States approximately 70,000 bales of high-grade Japanese raw silk. By February less than 25,000 bales had been sold to textile manufacturers. The government's final open silk auction in February brought a weighted average price of only \$4.17 per pound of 78 per cent seriplane, which is appreciably less than the \$7 and \$8 per pound that the silk promoters are talking about.

4. Manufacturers who produced large quantities of silk dress goods early in 1946 found that women shoppers tended to buy the cheaper and more beautifully finished synthetics. Silks were prominently featured in pre-Christmas department store sales — and went begging. Silk hosiery for women did not sell well on the market in 1946, despite continued highly-publicized shortages of nylon stockings.

Of course, there will always be a market of some extent for silks in the production of lingerie and dress materials, and some industrial users will continue to call for silk. The American producer will find, however, that the prewar market has shrunk tremendously, and he will have to compete with overseas producers for what is left. (Twice during the last ten years before the war the Japanese were able

to offer silk fiber for less than \$1.25 a pound.)

Raw silk production has been started in the Belgian Congo and in some South American countries. And as for the electronic reeling machine: at least fifty-five patents have been granted to various inventors on devices capable of reeling silk automatically, any one of which may be sold to foreign engineers.

But the big factor in the decline of silk is the development of synthetics. Sometime this year DuPont expects to offer an improved type of nylon, and the new Woerne high-strength nylon should be on the market soon. Vinyon yarns and the radically new acrylonitriles will also soon be available. These will be the yarns of the future.

III

Who are the men promoting sericulture today, urging disabled war veterans, unwary farmers and businessmen to join in the scramble for the silk bonanza?

One is the peripatetic Vartan K. Osigian, recently of New Orleans and lately of most of the United States, Cuba and Venezuela. Osigian, an Armenian by birth, dignifies himself with the title of "doctor." He is well known to American silk investors who were involved in sericulture fiascos at Austin, Texas, in 1915, New Orleans in 1920 and a long list of other projects.

Osigian has explained the failure of his many enterprises as the result of

machinations of Japanese agents and other selfish interests. Injured more than Osigian by such skullduggery have been an undetermined number of investors who were promised easy riches through the cultivation of the giant "Osigian mulberry tree" (leaves four times the size of those reared in Japan) and the breeding of super-silkworms who would dye their silk as they spinned.

Osigian has said that the Japanese at one time offered him \$30,000 a year to run their silk industry. The Argentine Government once put in a bid for his services, too, but he went instead to Venezuela, where he launched what would have been (according to Osigian) a highly-successful project to produce and ship tree cuttings to all parts of the world. But here too Japanese villainy followed Osigian: a Japanese agent bribed a high Venezuelan official, and the mulberry plantation was destroyed. (Venezuelan silk experts have declared that the "Osigian mulberry" is a common variety "not good for anything.")

Today Osigian says he is "fed up with humanity" which has refused all his offers to share his "great secret." He is beginning again at Covington, Louisiana, where he says he has planted 7200 trees in a friend's "backyard," and he has declared that he will positively not ask anyone for financial assistance. Recently, however, he asked Dallas businessmen to raise \$500,000 for the development of sericulture to the point of rivalry

with Texas cotton, "because a thousand different industries can be built up from silk."

At Morristown, New Jersey, C. E. H. Gil has established the Thornwood Cooperative to produce silk. Gil, a retired exporter, believes that if two million American farmers cultivated a few mulberry trees and invested in a few cocoons every year, this country would become self-sufficient in silk. He contends that he has simplified the silk-growing process to the point where any farmer's wife can become a sericulturist in her spare time.

Gil's ideas appear to be based on sericulture as a hobby rather than as an industry, although members are informed that a two-acre farm can produce an annual income of \$3000 per acre. Members also are given the privilege of building their own electronic reelers from plans which Gil will provide.

The biggest sericulture promoter in the country today is probably Walter Scott Roberts, erstwhile garlic extract distributor, self-styled financial expert and onetime president of a now-defunct silk weaving firm.

Roberts' hopes of knocking the scurrilous Japanese out of the American silk market rest on an electronic silk reeling machine which will apparently do everything he claims for it. Principally, he says it will do the work of twenty Japanese reeling girls—who work, all twenty of them, for less than \$4 per day.

Roberts has important interests in a

number of mulberry nurseries and seems to have been the spark plug in most of the new sericulture projects which have cropped up in the past three years. He has written a book, *Silk Culture in America*, which costs potential investors \$2.50. It is an unusual affair: paper bound, with 102 pages printed only on one side, it sets forth Roberts' personal history under the title, "Biology." Though it appears to have been written in 1945, its statistical charts, revealing the rich silk profits made by the Japanese, do not go beyond 1940. The technological developments in textiles in later years and the subsequent radical changes in consumer demand are not touched on.

In his "Biology" Roberts contends he was once an "important member" of the Silk Association of America, now called the National Federation of Textiles, Inc. Interestingly enough, it was the NFT that first became critical of Roberts' promotion activities when he and his associate, Ernest S. Mims, secretary of the Mineral Wells, Texas, Chamber of Commerce, launched a campaign through radio and press urging disabled war veterans to engage in sericulture. The two men joined forces in 1943, after Mims visited Roberts in New York and saw possibilities in his electronic reeling machine. Somewhat discouraged by sericulture failures on Long Island and in Florida, Roberts eagerly accepted an invitation to "experiment" in Texas.

After Roberts made an "extensive study" of the soil, climate and other factors, he reported that Mineral Wells was ideal for raising silk worms and producing cocoons. He agreed to move his reeling machine to Mineral Wells, provided the Chamber of Commerce would defray shipping costs. Also, the citizens were to buy land, organize a company of their own, plant approximately 30,000 mulberry trees and encourage local families to go into cocoon production and use the local set-up as a training school for anyone who desired to go into the business. Roberts agreed to furnish the number of reeling machines needed at Mineral Wells before disposing of any elsewhere.

Thus was created, with funds out of the pockets of sixty local businessmen, the Texas Silk Industries, Inc., with Mims functioning as treasurer. An eighty-acre tract was purchased, upon sixty of which were planted more than 35,000 mulberry trees. In spite of Roberts' "extensive study" of the climate, the trees were so frozen in March 1945 that it was necessary to gather leaves for feeding the worms in forests forty miles away.

While the original intent of the Mineral Wells investors was to launch a three- to four-year experiment as a civic enterprise, the conservative businessmen who put up the money suddenly found their project not only the subject of a highly-colored national publicity campaign, but completely under the control of Roberts and Mims, with themselves having

very little voice in relation to policies.

Roberts and Mims soon moved to commercialize the project. They set up a personal business in the Texas Mulberry Nursery, Inc., and Roberts, of course, retained control of the American Raw Silk Corporation which owns the reeling machine patents. In addition, the McGaugh Hosiery and Manufacturing Company of Dallas was invited to set up a plant at Mineral Wells to produce stockings from home-grown silk. Mims announced on September 10, 1945, that McGaugh had invested \$500,000 in the purchase of the latest types of machinery for the new plant. Although the plant was erected, as agreed, McGaugh officials told a Better Business Bureau investigator in November 1946 that they had been unable to purchase any silk from the Mineral Wells project, with the result that the company was producing nylons.

IV

Sericulture has a long and black record in American history.

Cortez is said to have tried to develop sericulture in the Western Hemisphere in 1522. The first book printed in America was a treatise dealing with raw silk culture, written in Spanish.

James I compelled early Virginia colonists to cultivate mulberry trees and silkworms in an effort to break the French monopoly which existed at that time. The project spread from Virginia to Connecticut and then as

far west as the Ohio Valley before it ran its course. By 1677 it was all over, costing the throne more than \$240,000 and leaving little trace, except mulberries, some of which are said to be still standing in Virginia.

Throughout the years, sporadic attempts have been made to get sericulture established. Always it has been the same story — domestic silk was unprofitable because of high labor costs and poor quality. Each attempt has ended with impoverishment for the investors, though usually the promoters have profited through land sales, operation of mulberry nurseries and cultivation of silkworm eggs.

Possibly the darkest chapter in the history of domestic sericulture was the *Moris Multicaulus* craze which swept New England prior to the Civil War. Thousands of families poured out savings in the purchase of the usual stocks of mulberry cuttings, silkworm eggs and instruction books. In a single year, as much as \$1,400,000 worth of fiber was sent to market. The fever heightened, nurseries flourished and the farmers reinvested their new wealth in larger orchards. By 1849, the inevitable happened: foreign competition, high labor costs, frost and silkworm diseases had taken their toll, and the bubble burst.

It has been stated that since 1856 a sericulture promotion scheme has boomed on the West Coast about once every ten years, with thousands of investors losing heavily. In most cases there were brief periods of success, but always the end was the same

— ruin for the farmer and wealth for the promoter.

In 1915 Guy Wilkinson, an engineer who had made a fortune in borax, set out to provide California with a new industry. He spent the next ten years in an unsuccessful attempt to develop sericulture in the Sacramento Valley. In 1920 Donly Gray launched a silk project near Fresno and, during the ensuing four years, managed to produce a regular crop of high-grade cocoons. Enheartened by this success, Gray went to San Francisco and obtained financial aid, with which he developed his famous San Marcos operation, embracing more than 1,000,000 mulberry trees and a three-story filature. This, too, ended in failure.

During the two decades which stretched between the World Wars, a great many unsuccessful silk ventures were launched in such varied "ideal" locations for growing the "best silk in the world" as Michigan, Florida, New York, Texas, Louisiana, California, Cuba and several South American countries. This was a lush period for pure silk, a time when synthetics were regarded with suspicion and silk hosiery was universally popular with women. The result was still the same — prosperity for the promoter, loss for the investor.

During the dreary days of the war, in 1942, the Agricultural Research Administration, acutely aware of the military need for suitable powder bag and parachute fabrics, decided to experiment once more

with sericulture. Federal investigations dating back to 1884 had proved that it was possible to produce a fine grade of raw silk in this country. The war made labor costs a factor which could be ignored, so the Bureau launched a small project involving 16,000 silkworm eggs. Of these, only 10,300 cocoons were yielded in what generally was regarded as a successful operation.

After drying and weighing, the cocoons weighed seventeen pounds, ultimately resulting in less than five pounds of skein silk. On the February 1947 market this would have

brought little more than \$20 as remuneration for forty-five eight-hour days of labor, exclusive of the time spent in night feeding (a new meal every four hours) over a period of thirty days.

These figures cannot be taken as a strict guide to silk production costs because the project involved experimental study of special strains, but the Bureau is nevertheless inclined to feel that they are not too far out of line.

The silk bonanza, in short, is a false lure. There is no pot of gold at the end of the silk rainbow.

PHRASE ORIGINS—17

CONGRESSIONAL JUNKETS: *According to Washington correspondent Raymond J. Blair, Congressmen don't like to have their field trips of inspection called "junkets," because to the folks back home the word carries the idea of a vacation. In this instance, at least, the folks back home are not in error: a junket is a feast, banquet or picnic. Originally the term referred to a basket of reeds or rushes. It was derived from the Latin juncus, which was "a twig resembling a rush." Later it came to mean a preparation of cheese and cream prepared in rush baskets or served on rush mats. From that point the application of the term was broadened until it referred to any dainty dish served on a rush mat, either indoors or out, and finally it was applied to the picnics or banquets themselves. In the United States a junket is thus any picnic or pleasure excursion on which eating and drinking play an important rôle. The more recent political usage of the word derives from the free clambakes and beer parties which were arranged by political clubs in the not-so-distant past. In the sense in which a junket refers to a trip, the term is still being broadened. The press nowadays refers to a picture-taking trip as a camera junket, to an Antarctic expedition as a naval junket, to a businessman's trip as a buying junket and to ball teams' pre-season workouts as training junkets. One sports writer even referred to a marathon race, which was certainly no pleasure trip, as a 26-mile, 385-yard junket!*

MORRIS ROSENBLUM

HOW KARL MARX WON THE CIVIL WAR

BY LOLA KINEL

WHENEVER Soviet historians describe the capitalist world to the Russian people in their official publications — and all Soviet publications may be considered “official” — they picture it as comprised almost entirely of two classes: the “rich exploiting bourgeoisie” and the “workers and the poor.” The middle classes, who should have disintegrated long ago according to the Marxist formula, are simply ignored.

As one apt specimen of the new Soviet historiography we may take *Novaya Istoria* (*New History*), a manual by Professor A. V. Efimov which was published in Moscow in 1944. The book, which is used in the eighth grade of the Soviet middle schools, deals with the histories of Britain, France, Germany, Italy and the United States during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. The two chapters on the United States make fascinating reading for Americans brought up on “bourgeois” history.

The first chapter deals with colonial history up to the war for independence and the establishment of the

United States. It describes pre-Revolutionary America without reference to the pilgrims, the *Mayflower*, free land or the exploits of the pioneers. Curiously enough, the term “pioneer” is not used once in the history, although (or perhaps because) the Soviets now employ it to refer to certain of their own youth groups. The early settlers are depicted setting off for America “in search of gold,” but their subsequent life is not described in any detail: they are referred to mostly as the “rich planters,” “peasant-farmers” and “slaves.” The question of slavery is summed up in one impressive paragraph, as follows:

“In the colonies white slaves, brought over from Europe, were used as workers. These were criminals, freed to go to America, and bonded servants who were enslaved because of debts. However, it was the exploitation of black slaves which was particularly widely applied, especially in the Southern colonies where tobacco was raised on plantations. The treatment of the Negro slaves was very cruel. When a Negro escaped

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from a plantation they hunted him with dogs. Once he was caught they cut off his hands and immersed his stumps in boiling tar. After this horrible torture he was hanged.”

This disposes of the slavery issue until the discussion of the Civil War in the second chapter. In the passages on the Revolutionary War and the working out of the Constitution the class struggle is much in evidence:

“ . . . the poor farmers and workers were indignant that the English King had forbidden in 1763 the settling of the West. . . . Even earlier the colonists wilfully seized land belonging to big landowners, and frequently rose against the colonial administrations. Now the discontent became general. . . .

“Against the colonists, fighting for their freedom . . . there rose the English — the rich landlords, slaveholders and the King’s officials living in America. . . .

“A great national debt was left after the war, which the government decided to transfer to the farmers, thus increasing their taxes. In response to this, farmers and the city poor, mainly skilled workers from the Northern states, started a rebellion at the head of which rose a veteran of the war for independence, Daniel Shays. With difficulty the U. S. Army¹ suppressed this uprising. . . .

“The question of the Western lands inhabited by the Indians . . . was solved during the period of the war

for independence and the establishment of the constitution. The tremendous territories . . . were declared national property. . . . These lands were marked for sale in big blocks and at high prices, prohibitive to the destitute. At the end of the eighteenth century the land problem was solved in the interests of the bourgeoisie and the planters-slaveholders.”

Through all this no attempt is made to explain the rise of this “bourgeoisie,” or its invariable cooperation with the “rich planters.” An American reader searching for some hint of the battle between the commercial and landowning interests would be unable to find it. Nor is any mention made of the artisans, merchants and independent farmers whom Professor Charles Beard so aptly described as the “middling orders.”

The omissions, of course, are as significant as the direct misrepresentations. Benjamin Franklin is left out of the story, but Claude de Saint-Simon, the French socialist, is portrayed fighting side by side with Lafayette. George Washington is described merely as a “warm patriot and a prominent organizer”: the problem of how a rich planter could be a revolutionary leader must have been an awkward one for Professor Efimov. Alexander Hamilton, Samuel Adams and Patrick Henry do not appear in the history either; Jefferson is mentioned only once. The Professor’s interpretation of the Revolution is rather cautious. “On the whole,” he

¹ Shays’ bands were actually put down by state militia, not Federal troops.

says, "the American war for independence and the Constitution had great progressive meaning."

II

The second chapter, dealing with the period of the Civil War, will give any American reader some real jolts. The narrative begins with a brief description of the rise of industrialism: it lays special stress on the "cruel exploitation of the American workers," child labor in the Northern textile mills, and the "particularly hard fate of the numerous emigrants from Europe." Professor Efimov follows this up with another section on slavery, featuring the "rebellion of Nat Turner," the story of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and the beginnings of Abolitionism. A biographical sketch of Lincoln, correct in the main, begins with this touch of embroidery:

"A rich neighbor, a planter-slaveholder, became hostile to the Lincoln family because it made friends with Negroes, and began to persecute it. Lincoln's father was forced to sell the farm and move West to a new home."

The story of the great expansion to the West is given to the Soviet student in these words:

"Plantation owners migrated West in covered wagons pulled by oxen. 'The clearing of the forests in this country is not so easy,' wrote a traveler who moved with the planters-slaveholders. 'Thick brushwood and dense weeds form an almost impenetrable live wall. To this one must add snakes, swamp mosquitoes and

alligators. The latter . . . cause much worry! . . .'

"Two streams of colonists moved towards the West: the rich planters with their slaves and the very poor who dreamt of securing a morsel of land to start a home. Here is the description of the settling of one of these families of wretches in the West: 'The man flung the strap over his shoulder and pulled the wagon by the shaft; the son helped the father. The wife sat in the wagon and the old woman (*starukha*) walked behind, carrying a gun and leading the cow!'"²

"The poor wretches who had no money with which to buy land willfully seized plots. In the West whole settlements were developed by squatters — people who seized land. The squatters joined into groups and, gun in hand, defended land which they seized from the government. . . .

"In the South land was seized by armed bands of planters who refused to allow farmers to obtain farm plots."

The story of John Brown's struggles is told accurately and in great detail, but the fighting in Kansas which followed the Compromise of 1850 is blown up by Professor Efimov into a "long and fierce civil war. . . . The Governor of the state of Pennsylvania, abolitionist Chase,³ entered a proposal to organize five regiments

² No sources are given for most of the quotes, and this particular story has a suspiciously Russian odor. The term *starukha* is typically peasant-Soviet. Moreover, the reflection cast on our pioneering menfolk has no basis in history: they may have been rough, but they were at least gallant enough to let their women ride.

³ Chase was Governor of Ohio.

financed by the state and send them to Kansas for six months to fight the slaveholders. When this became known, the central government, which was in the hands of the planters, moved to the support of the slaveholders. President Pierce, himself a prominent slave-owner, forbade the sending of [state] troops and ammunition to Kansas, and sent Federal troops and artillery.”

The story ends with the comment that “Marx pointed out that the ‘fight’ in Kansas was the beginning of the Civil War. . . .” Marx, it must be noted, acts as a kind of *deus ex machina* throughout the book, and two long chapters are devoted to him and Friedrich Engels. This was his first mention in the chapters on the United States, but now the Professor reveals his influence on American history more explicitly:

“The Southern slaveholders knew that they could not defeat the Northerners in a long contest. All their calculations were built on the hope that they would succeed in getting support of foreign intervention — from England and France. England and France would have been happy to destroy their enemy — the industrial states of the north — and convert America into a colony. The English government was ready to start the intervention (armies had already been sent into neighboring Canada).⁴ But English workers or-

ganized, on the initiative of Marx, a series of impressive meetings of protest and stopped the intervention. Left to herself, France did not take action.”

“Almost twice,” Professor Efimov continues, “the Southerners were on the verge of seizing the capital, but the Northerners succeeded in beating them off and then adopted the plan of surrounding the Southerners. Marx and Engels pointed out in their articles that this plan was awkward, that in order to achieve victory, one must penetrate deep into the rear of the enemy and cut off the railroad lines in the state of Georgia. Marx and Engels figured that to achieve success the North had to adopt revolutionary measures and had, first of all, to destroy slavery. The course of the war forced the Northerners to adopt this plan, which was first advocated by Marx and Engels. . . .

“The crisis in the war followed when the government of the North adopted stern measures. President Abraham Lincoln under the pressure of the masses proclaimed the law of the homesteads, *i.e.*, of the free distribution of plots from the vast territories of uninhabited Western land. . . . Slavery was destroyed; 186,000 Negroes, slaves of yesterday, were incorporated into the Army and Navy. Against the counter-revolutionary severe measures were taken. There began a purge in the Army of counter-revolutionaries and doubtful elements. The workers organized separate regiments and companies of

⁴ This is a complete distortion. The British government was at no time on the verge of intervening in the Civil War, and did not send troops into Canada or any place else in the Western Hemisphere.

industrial laborers, printers, skilled workers, etc. Special regiments, according to nationalities, were formed of worker-immigrants. The workers themselves elected their commanders, and among them were quite a few socialists, including the German Communist, Marx's best friend, Wedemeyer. The worker regiments of General Grant, and particularly of General Sherman, were the best and achieved the decisive victories at the front. . . . Everywhere General Sherman dealt mercilessly with the planters and the population which supported them, and freed the slaves. . . .

"In the fight for power which began with the assassination of Lincoln, the rich bourgeoisie won victory and established its dictatorship.

"To the farmers the Civil War gave the law of the homesteads and destroyed the danger of the seizure of Western lands by the slaveholders. At the same time, after the Civil War, the breakup of the farmers as a class was intensified; the kulaks became stronger, while, on the other hand, the great mass of the farmers was becoming impoverished, adding to the ranks of the poor farmhands. The bulk of the farmers experienced the cruelest miseries of capitalist exploitation."

The story ends on a poetic note with some translated excerpts from Longfellow's *Poems of the Negro*. Thus far the manual has had three editions. It was approved by the *Narkompros* (People's Commissariat for Education) and is published by the Institute

for History of the Academy of Sciences of the USSR. There is, it is needless to say, no bibliography.

III

Crude and even silly propaganda of this sort can be funny until one realizes the intent behind it. The appalling fact is that the Soviet government is deliberately educating its citizens in this lopsided account of the outside world. It has steadily resisted all attempts to introduce the Russian people to some survey which could catch something of the spirit of American history.

The irony of the situation is that there exists a short and beautifully-written history of the United States which was prepared especially for acquainting other nations with America. In 1942 the Office of War Information suggested to Stephen Vincent Benét that he write a short interpretive history of this country which could then be translated into other languages. He accepted the offer gladly and finished the manuscript shortly before his death.

Benét's history does not minimize the faults or exaggerate the merits of the United States. But his book catches impressively the spirit of a free country. In writing of Shays' Rebellion, Benét mentions that "the men were convicted of treason," but "nobody was hanged. . . . Why was this? Certainly not because Americans were more virtuous than anybody else. . . . They were lucky, that is all — lucky in working out a system

that allowed for different points of view — lucky in the men who first guided the young republic. . . . They were human men. They had faults. They made mistakes. But not one of them wanted or planned to be a despot. Not one of them felt that the only way to rule was to kill or imprison people who didn't agree with him."

If the Soviet leaders are really

anxious, as they profess to be, to work toward a free, democratic society, and if they are really anxious to establish friendly relations with the United States, there is no reason why books of this character should be banned in the USSR. Nor is there any reason why the versions manufactured by "official" historians should include the distortions and untruths found in Professor Efimov's book.

"A MEMORIAL CRUMB"

BY CHARLES EDGAR STUMMER

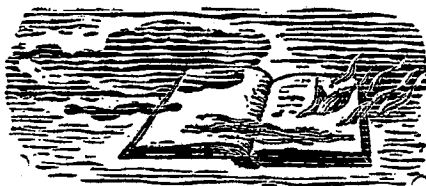
WHAT have I
to give to you
who found satiety
in dew, —

repletion in
a single hour,
in the lowliest
April-flower,

in cricket-song
as blackbirds fly —
a row of chevrons
in the sky?

I promise you
each Spring the same: —
to feed a robin
in your name.

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JOHN GUNTHER'S U. S. A.

by BEN RAY REDMAN

JOHN GUNTHER'S new giant volume, *Inside U. S. A.* [\$5.00, Harper], is an interesting example of a reporter's ambition outrunning his ability to perform. Mr. Gunther took Europe and Asia and Latin America in his stride — to the satisfaction, at least, of a million and more American readers — but his native land has taken him for a rugged ride, and has buried this most industrious legman under a mountain of notes, which he has struggled bravely but ineffectually to sift, arrange and organize. The result is a huge grab-bag, into which one may dip at any point with the certainty of coming up with an interesting item; very much as one may dip into the *World Almanac*. Anyone who likes to acquire miscellaneous facts with a minimum of effort could hardly ask for a better bedside book.

Typical of these facts, but only a few among a multitude, are the following samples: Wyoming has more automobiles per capita than any other state. Vermont is the only state in the country with more cattle than human beings. New York City "makes 18,200,000 telephone calls a day, of which 125,000 are wrong numbers." Idaho had only 595 Negroes in 1940. It is a felony, according to an unenforced law, to fly the Russian flag inside the state of Kansas. Respectable Portland (Oregon) has "the second highest rate of incidence of venereal disease in the nation." The populations of Montana, Nebraska, the Dakotas, and the imperial state of Texas, are decreasing. There is a large Basque colony in Idaho. Minnesota has the biggest calendar-printing business in the world. In Kentucky, which produces 40 per cent of the country's whisky, 88 out of 120 counties are dry. "Denver is the biggest manufactory of fishhooks in the world." Mississippi leads the country in il-

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literacy. The United States produces more than 250 billion cigarettes a year. In 1940, and in the proud state of Kentucky, 42,000 farms had no toilets or privies of any kind. The biggest hog ever known "lived in Lexington, Tennessee, and weighed 2400 pounds."

For those whose interest runs to personalities rather than bald statistics, the rewards are hardly less numerous. Mr. Gunther has studded his volume with biographical notes, long and short, on such legislators and state governors, past and present, as Harry Byrd, Burton K. Wheeler, Kenneth McKeller, Robert Taft, Andrew May, Vandenberg, the La Follettes, Owen Brewster, Dewey, Ellis Arnall, Gene Talmadge, Bricker, Saltonstall, Maurice J. Tobin, Frank Lausche, Stassen, Warren, Wallgren and Osborn; such city mayors and bosses as La Guardia, O'Dwyer, Lapham of San Francisco, Pendergast, Huey Long, Hague and Ed Crump; such businessmen as Henry Ford and Henry Kaiser; such labor leaders as Philip Murray, Walter Reuther, Harry Bridges and Dave Beck; plus a mixed bag which holds, among other specimens, Colonel McCormick (publisher), Robert M. Hutchins (educator) and Amadeo Giannini (banker).

These biographical notes and sketches are informative, but biography is seldom complemented by portraiture. Mr. Gunther exhibits small ability in the latter art. He does not spare adjectives in his personal descriptions, but his figures simply do

not come alive. The author is amiability itself in dealing with most of his subjects, even those with whom he would seem to be in profound political disagreement, and he frequently discovers that the man he is interviewing is one of the most attractive persons he has ever met. Only when he confronts politicians like Andrew J. May and the late Gene Talmadge does he write in acid. He calls the first a "wretched homunculus," while he declares of the second: "This man is darkness." John Bricker moves him, in gentler vein, to utter one of his few witticisms, when he says of the Ohio Senator: "Intellectually he is like interstellar space — a vast vacuum occasionally crossed by homeless, wandering clichés."

The reader who is curious regarding the operations of American Big Business will find that Mr. Gunther has collected and printed notes on Big and Little Steel, General Motors, Ford, DuPont, Anaconda, Coca-Cola, and the mushroom enterprises of Henry Kaiser; but he will find also that these notes are, almost necessarily in the circumstances, scrappy and superficial.

Readers eager to increase their knowledge of American cities will discover that Mr. Gunther can gobble a town the size of Spokane in one impressionistic sentence. "Spokane is the largest inland city in the West except Denver; it is the old home of Eric Johnston and Lewis Schwellenbach; its leading newspaper is one of the most rigorously conservative in

the United States; it has considerable charm and pictorial distinction; and it contains one of the best hotels in the country, the Davenport, where every coin is washed before it is given in change."

On the other hand, this author can turn easily from impressionism to the coldest of figures, as when he blurts out these, pertaining to Ohio: "It has 93,041 retail stores doing about 20 billion dollars worth of business a year, 53 museums, 11 state-owned lakes, 684 parent banks, 13 major railroads, 272 tax-supported libraries, 90 power companies (of which about 50 are municipally owned), 300 square miles of public parks, 14,000 restaurants, more than 1000 newspapers, 1700 hotels, 85,500 miles of road, 33 radio stations, and 1,600,000 telephones, which latter figure is greater than the number in the entire continent of South America."

Mr. Gunther's net is wide enough to include for consideration these various topics, among many others: The vitalizing rôle played by New England in the development of our culture; the desperate poverty of the South; the dethronement of King Cotton, the declension of Wall Street, and the waning editorial power of the press; the consumption of our forests; differential freight rates; absentee ownership of western production; artificial insemination of cows; American universities, as represented by the University of Chicago, the University of Texas, Ohio State, Harvard, Yale and Tuskegee; the Mormon church;

Saturday-night drinking in Atlanta; the Ku Klux Klan; Philadelphia's conservatism; the Amish and other sects; the multiple aspects of isolationism; journalism as it may be found in the *Chicago Tribune*, the *Kansas City Star*, and the *Saint Louis Post-Dispatch*; Delaware's hospitable corporation laws; Grand Coulee and Boulder (Hoover) dams; the mighty story of TVA; and the social and economic situation of the American Negro.

II

At this point it should be clear that *Inside U. S. A.* is full of a number of things; so wonderfully full that there would seem to be little reason why Mr. Gunther's readers should not all be as happy as kings. But, even in the face of these abundant riches, there remain two critical questions. How well has the author organized his material, and how well has he presented it? The answers, in my opinion, are not favorable to Mr. Gunther.

To begin with, *Inside U. S. A.* is remarkably ill-proportioned, because of the vast number of words devoted to merely local politics and politicians, to men who, in a number of cases, have passed into at least temporary obscurity because of the elections of 1946. It is true that Mr. Gunther has announced plainly his intention of charting "another continental segment of the known political world of today," and that his publishers stress the essentially political nature of his work; but he has also declared that

his book's "central spine and substance is an effort — in all diffidence — to show this most fabulous and least known of countries, the United States of America, to itself." And there is massed evidence to prove that he has made this effort sincerely and persistently.

Knowing perfectly well that it is impossible to show a country to itself by simply exhibiting a packed picture gallery of its politicians, he has reached out in all directions to seize upon, and collect for our inspection, as many features of American life as possible; and his haul has been rich. Still, the politicians, mainly local, have overwhelmed him. The space he allots to men like Dewey, Stassen, Vandenberg, and Taft, is of course well spent, and his sketches of these men are concise, fair, readable and useful. It is a lesser horde that rushes in to clutter up the scene, to make the whole forest largely obscured because of the pushing prominence of numberless individual and comparatively unimportant trees.

(It should be noted that Mr. Gunther has reserved sufficient material for a second volume, based on Washington, D. C., which will of necessity be largely political, and which will deal at length with "Truman, Wallace, most cabinet ministers, and such men as General Eisenhower, John L. Lewis, and General Marshall, who seemed naturally to fit in a volume less hinged on regional geography." It should be noted further that the author is reserving for his sequel, "all discussion

on a national scale of labor, agriculture, journalism, religion and the position of the Roman Catholic church, the rôle of women, big business, the Washington bureaucracy, education and the foreign born. . . .")

In the present volume the author gives no less than eleven and one-half pages to a minute-by-minute record of one of La Guardia's office days, whereas he can spare only six pages for the state of Indiana. Eleven pages go to Ellis Arnall and Georgia's recent gubernatorial imbroglio, while Minnesota gets but a few passing glances. Texas politics claim sixteen pages; Oklahoma politics, six. Boss Hague rates eight pages, but the state of New Jersey, in all its other aspects, only two. Maine as a whole is good for three pages; Governor Sewall alone claims two. In the nine long pages devoted to the career of Frank J. Lausche, time has compounded the original error in proportion, for Lausche failed of re-election as Ohio's governor in 1946. Has Mr. Gunther trimmed down his ample notes in this instance? Not at all. "As a matter of convenience," he tells us, "I am letting this chapter, which was written before the election, stand largely as I wrote it." One is tempted to ask: For whose convenience? But amusingly enough, despite his prime interest in politicians, our reporter is moving so rapidly by the time he reaches Maryland that he misses Senator Tydings completely, and has only two pages for the entire state.

We can only agree with him when

he writes: "To treat of Maryland and Baltimore in these few words is of course absurd." However, he makes his excuse when he says: "But we have only dealt with thirty-two states so far, which means, after all these multitudinous pages, that there are still sixteen to go." Faster, faster! cried Alice's queen.

III

Mr. Gunther arrived in every state and town with one stock question: "Who runs this place?" It was an innocent question and it was usually answered according to its innocence, either inconclusively or with charitable amusement. Yet the unsatisfactory replies to this query fill many scores of Mr. Gunther's nine hundred and more pages. Perhaps the best answer of all that he received was contained in the telegram which followed him out of Ohio: IF YOU HAVE REALLY FOUND OUT WHO RUNS THIS PLACE FOR GOD'S SAKE DON'T KEEP IT CONFIDENTIAL. KINDLY WIRE TEN THOUSAND WORDS COLLECT.

There is a plausible explanation for the triumph of the local politicians. In preparing his book, the author did quite a bit of reading, but in his quest for information he relied chiefly on personal interviews with the prominent citizens of our forty-eight states. (Had not interviews carried him triumphantly through Europe, Asia, and Latin America?) Now, of all prominent citizens, politicians are surely the most accessible and also

the most vocal. So Mr. Gunther saw politicians everywhere, and, having seen them, could not bear to whittle down many notes that should have been pared severely.

This explanation, however, does not help us in other instances which betray the author's sadly deficient sense of proportion. He spends, for example, twelve and one-half pages on the "Life and Works of Henry Kaiser." He takes time to tell us that Mr. and Mrs. Kaiser call each other "Mother" and "Father," that they "are as comfortable together as two old shoes," that they have two sons whom they adore, and that Mr. Kaiser embraces his boys when he says good-bye to them in the office. But he has barely a page for the tremendously important Mellon "interests," and, to shift to a different field, he thinks that he has done his duty by merely mentioning the name of Johns Hopkins University.

When he reaches Texas, he pauses to spin Texas jokes for three pages, but never once during his continental journey does he lead us into an American laboratory, observatory or medical clinic. (Do they not belong to the fabulous country which he would show to itself?) Visiting Hollywood, he quotes a few amusing passages from local columnists, pokes fun at the Motion Picture Alliance for seeing Communists under the bed and discusses an ephemeral jurisdictional strike, but ignores the position and importance of the motion picture industry in the United States and the

world. Perhaps he believes that he has dealt adequately with the subject when, hundreds of pages later, he makes the asinine statement that, "Hollywood is nothing more than a suburb of the Bronx, both financially and from the point of view of talent."

When he reaches Virginia City, Nevada, he takes a tourist's look at the Crystal Bar, the Opera House and the Miners Union Hall, but he has almost nothing to say about the Comstock Lode, the millionaires it created, and its social and economic significance in our country's history. As for Virginia City's past, which lives in the pages of Mark Twain and Dan DeQuille, he evokes not a single ghost. He quotes statistics regarding Colorado's peaks, but his eyes are blind to the extraordinary, magnificent scenery of Utah, and he manages to get through the state without even mentioning the Great Salt Lake.

Once, at least, he abandons all attempts to grapple with his notes, and simply tosses them into the reader's lap in a lump that he calls "Midwest Miscellany." Here are a few items from the lump. "Church suppers . . . Juke boxes . . . Country (as distinct from city) clubs . . . Night schools—especially their course in law . . . Fishing . . . Look on the GI's face when the MP poured his bottle of bourbon down the toilet in a Pullman washroom between Elkhart and Toledo." It is hard to believe that any of these items belong peculiarly to the Midwest, but it is impossible not to admire the journalistic precision

which precisely locates the pouring of the bourbon.

This brings us to the question of accuracy, on which I shall not linger long. In a book so stuffed with facts and figures, some mistakes could hardly be avoided. It is probable that Mr. Gunther's factual statements have been checked and re-checked by others as well as by himself, and that only time and many readers will expose such errors as there may be in this first edition of *Inside U. S. A.* I have not hunted for errors, and I am willing to believe that the author's batting average for accuracy was exceptionally, perhaps uniquely low, when he wrote: "Douglas Fairbanks, Ernest Truex, Fredric March, Harold Lloyd, Fred Stone, Edward G. Robinson are among figures of the stage and screen who are, or were, Colorado born." Of these six, as it happens, only Fairbanks was born in Colorado, while Robinson was born as far from there as Bucharest, Rumania.

However, if I have no reason to suspect Mr. Gunther's accuracy, I must say that I began to suspect his judgment when I read his statement that Denver's Brown Palace Hotel is "quite possibly the best hotel in the United States." (New York and San Francisco papers please copy.) I began to have doubts as to the soundness of his historial background when I found him referring to the Loyalists of the American Revolution as Quislings. And I began to wonder at his associative processes when I discovered that the Jim Crow segregation of

Negroes reminds him of *purdah*, which is literally the screen, and figuratively the custom, by which Indian women are *protected* from the gaze of strangers.

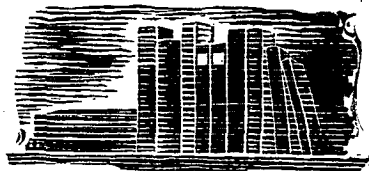
His ability to construct specious but hollow statements becomes apparent when, having quoted Myrdal's belief that the Negro is not inferior to the white man, he adds as his own contribution: "Negroes may resent my saying so, but many observers will hold it undeniable, in some parts of the country at least, that many Negroes *are* of less capacity than whites." And again, when he delivers himself of this profound observation: "However markedly divided the Keystone State may be geographically, the ideological divisions are not less acute. The gap between conversation at a Main Line dinner party and what you will hear in a bar at Altoona, to say nothing of talk in a miner's yard near Shenandoah, is as broad as the Rubicon." Rather broader, I should say. It is also true that Queen Anne is dead, that there are milestones on the Dover road, and that conversation in Mrs. Vanderbilt's Fifth Avenue drawing-room differs notably from that heard in a saloon no further away than Third Avenue.

No consideration of *Inside U. S. A.* would be complete without at least a glance at its author's use of language. By and large, it is plain and serviceable. But it can also be fancy, odd, and arrestingly incorrect. Words like "mucid" and "frounce" come easily from Mr. Gunther's typewriter. Henry Ford's puritanism is "autochthonous,"

while someone else is "saprogenically" anti-Semitic. So far, so good. But we rub our eyes when Mr. Gunther refers to Montana's "left side." We smile or frown, according to our natures, when he speaks of correspondents who were "truncated from" the *Chicago Tribune*. And what shall we say when he uses "incisive" in the place of "decisive"? When he says that a list of the South's industries is "virile"? When he declares, "Also in this rubric are . . ."? When he remarks that "the vivid, nutritious" story of Mormonism has been told too often? When he asserts that the *Denver Post* has been "as lascivious politically" as any newspaper in the nation? Or when, to conclude a list that might be much longer, he describes Robert Maestri as a Huey Long "cohort"? Perhaps one should merely say that there were once editors who protected authors against themselves.

There is ample evidence, I think, that Mr. Gunther came to his task inadequately equipped with historical and other background knowledge, that he boned up on his almost limitless subject with heroic industry and feverish haste, that he did not allow himself time in which to do much real thinking about the masses of information which he had accumulated, and that he put his book together with little attention to the proportions of the book he was making. Perhaps his Washington sequel will give more shape and strength to what he calls "the central spine and substance" of his work.

THE CHECK LIST



NATIONAL AFFAIRS

MISSOURI COMPROMISE, by Tris Coffin. \$3.00. *Little, Brown.* Mr. Coffin obviously knows the ins and outs of the Washington merry-go-round, and he writes a pleasant, rather superficial but very readable journalesque. In this volume he gives quick portraits of the men that have gathered around the successor of FDR. They appear to be a shabby lot, most of them, of little ability, more interested in being friendly than in doing a good job. Mr. Truman himself, according to Mr. Coffin, barely knows what it's all about. He is a combination Lion-Elk-Odd Fellow, who loves to shake hands with visiting firemen, and under whom "the Presidency has become a ceremonial, rather than an operating office, much of the time." He "enjoys playing soldier, reviewing troops, or pinning on medals." But he also has "a mulish streak in him," and the direction the streak takes, unfortunately, often depends upon who spoke last to him.

TOMORROW'S FOOD, by James Rorty and N. Philip Norman, M.D. \$3.50. *Prentice-Hall.* This is a lively survey of the food situation, from the nutritional point of view, in the United States. The authors point out that processed foods are deficient in health value, and that "vitamin enrichment" is a poor substitute for natural vitamins. They also have a good deal to say about the "vitamin racket" in general, about the dubious value of "homogenized" milk, about the unnecessary food losses which occur in pasteurization, about the food losses resulting from refrigeration in transportation, and so on. They preach the eating of natural foods, grown from healthy soil or derived from animals fed natural

grains. Mr. Rorty is a professional writer, and Dr. Norman is consultant nutritionist for the Departments of Health and Hospitals of the City of New York. Stuart Chase contributes a foreword, in which he says, "Some day, not so far away in the Atomic Age, food, like air and water, is likely to go into the class of free goods. It is too important to be kicked around, doped and puffed and doctored by hucksters."

AMERICAN COMMUNISM, A Critical Analysis of Its Origins, Development and Programs, by James Oneal and G. A. Werner. \$5.00. *Dutton.* This volume brings up to date a book that Mr. Oneal published twenty years ago. It contains no startling new revelations, but it is factual, detailed and comprehensive. It is especially valuable for the light it throws on Communist methods in wrecking democratic left-wing and liberal movements, and the authors have explained with great clarity the origins and results of the numerous twists and turns in the Party line. There is also an excellent chapter on the Trotskyist movements in America.

THE WAY OF THE SOUTH, by Howard W. Odum. \$3.00. *Macmillan.* This latest contribution to the already bulky literature of the school known as "Southern Regionalism" does neither its distinguished sociologist-author nor its argument any service. Professedly a summary in "popular" terms of Dr. Odum's previous scholarly works, the book is an embarrassing mish-mash of pretentious styles and high-flown clichés, in which the history and present-day situation of the South are clumsily retold as preface to the argument that the South must now be brought up to the living standards of the rest of the nation

and must also be allowed to work out its own social and economic patterns. The book illustrates the dangers of popularization.

REFUGEES IN AMERICA, by Maurice R. Davie. \$4.50. *Harper*. This is the final report of the Committee for the Study of Recent Immigration, a private body sponsored by a group of social service organizations of various religious affiliations, and as such it is the most authoritative account we have had of the political and religious refugees who were driven out of Europe and to the United States after 1933. Much of the book's material is presented in sociological terms — Mr. Davie, who directed the staff of the Committee, heads the Sociology Department at Yale — but all of it is readily intelligible to any interested layman. Essentially, the Committee's work offers statistical and documentary evidence to show that most popular conceptions of the impact of the refugees on the United States are wide of the mark: their coming was not only a credit to the humanitarian traditions of this country, but a gain economically, socially and culturally.

HISTORY

MOREAU DE ST. MÉRY'S AMERICAN JOURNEY, 1793-1798, translated and edited by Kenneth Roberts and Anna M. Roberts. \$5.00. *Doubleday*. Moreau (1750-1819) was born in Martinique, spent a great deal of time in France, where he was a leader of the Revolution, compiled a celebrated collection of the laws of French America, spent five years in the United States, chiefly in Philadelphia, New York and Baltimore, and returned to France, where he died in poverty. Mr. Roberts came upon him in the writing of his novel, *Lydia Bailey*, and here he and his wife present a first translation of his *Voyage aux Etats-Unis de l'Amérique, 1793-1798*. It is an amazingly frank and readable book, and of the first historical importance. Moreau had an eye for the earthy, commonplace, ordinary, in other words, for life as lived by most people. He has much to say about the treatment of Negroes, fornication among whites, prostitution, lechery among Quakers, home life in upper-class Philadelphia, drinking habits in the American colonies, and so on. The index is superb.

THE RANKS OF DEATH, by P. M. Ashburn. \$5.00. *Coward-McCann*. This is a posthumous book. The author was a colonel in the Medical Corps of the United States Army. He had projected a massive medical history of the conquest of America, and the present volume, apparently but a preliminary study, was left among his remains. His son, Frank D. Ashburn, has edited it. Dr. Ashburn's thesis is that the reason the white man found it so relatively easy to capture the American continent is that he was more able, partly through science but largely through long-developed immunity, to cope with disease. He proves this by considering the incidence and death rates of about fifty major diseases among the white and the red men, and presents some startling facts. Altogether, a pioneering and fascinating book. There are valuable appendices, a long bibliography, and a really useful index.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT, by Charles Alexander Robinson. \$3.75. *Dutton*. As Mr. Robinson admits in his preface, there is not much new to be said about Alexander the Great, for ultimately all historians must return to five ancient writers whose portraits of the man constitute the only continuous accounts that we possess. What Mr. Robinson has done is to take these writers, especially Arrian, and attempt a new portrait on the basis of the material they provided. The result is a generally interesting book which might be compared to the histories of H. G. Wells, but which is concerned more with incident than with characterization.

THEY ALMOST KILLED HITLER, edited by Gero v. S. Gaevernitz. \$2.50. *Macmillan*. One of the very few survivors of the men deeply involved in the plot against Hitler which culminated in the attempted assassination of July 20, 1944 was Fabian von Schlabrendorff. This book, which is his story, describes the German Resistance from the inside. It is a heartbreaking account of the difficulties encountered by even the most skillful and determined of conspirators against a modern total state. The Nazis were never ousted by an internal underground because of last-minute failures in bomb mechanisms, vacillation of certain important figures, and, most important, the vast apathy, and therefore crimi-

nal responsibility, of the German people, who were at their best "non-Nazi," but not "anti." It is a moving story, too, of some extraordinarily courageous men whose histories are concluded in footnotes scattered throughout the pages of the book, reading "Executed by the Nazis."

BIOGRAPHY

FRANK HARRIS, by E. Merrill Root. \$3.50. *Odyssey*. This is apparently the first sympathetic life of Harris, who has received little better than denunciation since his death in 1931. Mr. Root makes big claims for his subject: that he was one of the greatest editors, short story writers, and critics of his day, indeed, of the past century. He calls him "a star-finder and God's Spy." It would be easy to poke fun at this book, at some of its extravagances and its blind spots. Mr. Root does gloss over the fact that Harris' morals were somewhat vague, that his editorial integrity was not always absolute but was at times "reasonable," that his fiction was too often filled with a message. But Mr. Root is certainly right in his basic contention, that Harris was a stupendous figure in almost every branch of literary work he entered. As an editor, he was perhaps the very best in his special field. He made of *Pearson's* and the *Fortnightly* two magazines of startling excellence. He had his troubles with his publishers, but generally he knew how to "sell" them. Some of his experiences with them were hilarious. Then there were his two books on Shakespeare — *The Man Shakespeare* and *The Women of Shakespeare*. They are among the most profound studies of the Poet that have appeared anywhere at any time. Mr. Root knows their full worth, and for that alone his volume is to be commended. But its chief value is in doing homage to a man who has too long been vilified for petty sexual matters and ignored despite amazing literary achievements.

MONTGOMERY, by Alan Moorehead. \$4.00. *Coward-McCann*. Mr. Moorehead is one of the better war correspondents, and this biography of the talented British military man is obviously an able job. Mr. Moorehead takes issue with Captain Butcher and Ralph Ingersoll who have said sharp things about Montgomery's personality and questioned his military standing. But he is less

concerned with Montgomery the general than with Montgomery the man. He portrays him as one who works best on his own, as a supremely confident person, and as a good deal of an ascetic. Indeed, Mr. Moorehead says that the man Montgomery probably most resembles is Mahatma Gandhi. Strange as this resemblance at first may seem, Mr. Moorehead makes out a rather plausible case for it.

KOUSSEVITZKY, by Moses Smith. \$4.00. *Allen, Towne, & Heath*. Now that Koussevitzky's ill-advised attempt to have the courts suppress this book has come to nothing, it is difficult to understand what led him to make so unfortunate a spectacle of himself. Mr. Smith is a reputable and able music critic, having written music criticism for many years for the defunct Boston *Evening Transcript*. He admits time and again that Koussevitzky is one of the great conductors of our day. But he also points out, what professionals have known for many years, that while the conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra is a master at drawing almost miraculous tones from his men, he is rather deficient in giving a truly mature reading of a score, especially if the score is laden with lyricism and philosophical content. Mr. Smith also points out that Koussevitzky's late wife, who had considerable means, saved him many a hard road. Surely this is no reflection on her name or on him. A man without ability could not have been so worthy of such providential help. Altogether, this is an able volume, well written and amply documented. One only wonders whether the subject was really worth so much effort. A mere conductor, unless he be a great deal more, is at best only a middle-man, worthy of admiration but not of lengthy analysis. There are four valuable appendices and a good index, plus several reproductions of photographs.

MRS. EDDY, by Hugh A. Studdert Kennedy. \$5.50. *Farallon*. The late Mr. Kennedy was an editor of the *Christian Science Monitor* for many years. He had written a great deal on Christian Science, but he apparently looked upon this biography as his chief claim to remembrance. In the foreword his widow says that he aimed to make of the book "an objective, accurate and uninhibited portrait." Believers in Christian

Science will probably find little to criticize in it; indeed, the late Lord Lothian, British ambassador to the United States and an ardent Scientist, praised the manuscript exuberantly. But impartial people will probably find much to make them doubt. Mr. Kennedy accepts Mrs. Eddy's spiritual "healings" pretty much as she reported them, ignoring almost completely possible physical reasons. He also sees nothing to question in the doctrine of "malicious animal magnetism," long an object of ridicule among physiologists and anatomists, and he generally presents only the "official" view of such rebels as Augusta Stetson. The writing, unfortunately, is rather murky.

THE WALLACES OF IOWA, by Russell Lord. \$5.00. *Houghton Mifflin*. This is a thoroughly encomiastic portrait of three generations of Henry Wallaces: "Uncle Henry," a minister, farmer and editor; "Harry" Wallace, a Secretary of Agriculture during the 1920s; and Henry Wallace III, the Messiah of the Common Man. Inasmuch as Mr. Lord received most of the information for his 600-page volume direct from Wallace sources, it might be too much to expect anything resembling objectivity: he might at least, however, have told us that he was himself a former employee of Wallace (a ghost writer). Judging from the turgid and occasionally almost unreadable prose in which this book is written, he could not have been a very good one.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF NAPOLEON, by Octave Aubry. \$5.00. *Lippincott*. Octave Aubry has devoted many years to the study of Napoleon and has produced several books on the subject. He has examined the Corsican in the familiar rôles of soldier and emperor and has written an entire volume about his exile in St. Helena. Aubry's latest venture concentrates on the women in Napoleon's life — his mother, his sisters, his wives — Josephine and Marie-Louise — and his mistresses, of whom there were several. The portrait that emerges is a Napoleon not generally found in the conventional histories. Cast in the simple rôle of domestic life, the Emperor sheds what little glamour he may still have had. His vagaries and stupidities as head of the house are matched only by his absurd and pompous

conversations with some of the ladies who attracted him. In a volume like this there is, of course, considerable racy stuff; but aside from this there emerges a man whose capacity for boorishness and brutality towards women for whom he professed affection seems to be almost incredible.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

NO PEACE FOR ASIA, by Harold R. Isaacs. \$3.50. *Macmillan*. Mr. Isaacs, who is now one of *Newsweek's* editors, has written what is probably the only detailed account of the postwar revolutionary movements in the Far East. The book is no *Inside Asia* — Mr. Isaacs is writing only of southern and eastern Asia, and their relation to the world power-political arena. His account of the left-wing, nationalist movements is generally sympathetic, and he appears to be one of the few reporters covering that area who is able to distinguish these movements from the Communist-led intrigues which are commonly advertised as "peoples' movements." His passages on the Russian influence on the postwar rebellions are uniformly excellent.

OVER AT UNCLE JOE'S, *Moscow and Me*, by Oriana Atkinson. \$3.00. *Bobbs-Merrill*. Despite one of the worst book titles of the year and a literary style which can only be described as girlish, Mrs. Atkinson has turned out a book on Russian popular culture which is readable. She has a great deal to say about Russian cosmetics, cooking recipes, family life, prostitution, black marketing and other homely matters which are often not included in more scholarly works. The value of the book is rather seriously diminished at those points where Mrs. Atkinson becomes political, as witness her concluding paragraph: "So pull up that old Iron Curtain, Uncle Joe! You come over to our house and we'll go over to yours. Let's all get together. What have we got to lose?"

LITERATURE

ESSAYS OF THREE DECADES, by Thomas Mann. \$4.00. *Knopf*. Here Dr. Mann has collected those non-political essays of his, which he wishes most to preserve. There are sixteen of

them. The literary figures dealt with are Goethe, Tolstoy, Lessing, Keist, Chamisso, Platen, Theodore Storm, Theodor Fontane, Richard Wagner, Schopenhauer and Cervantes. There is also an essay on "Freud and the Future." Admirers of Dr. Mann's fiction will doubtless wish to own this book, but many of them, in the secrecy of their own hearts, will probably be disappointed. Dr. Mann's style is very often such elaborate double-talk that it hides the very obvious — and somewhat hollow — things he has to say. What he wishes to say about *Faust* could easily be said in one-tenth of the space he uses. He does what is virtually a miracle: he makes *Anna Karenina* obscure and almost dull. He inflates the "meaning" of Schopenhauer, and only the good Lord knows what he says about Wagner. The essay on Freud is cryptic, in places probably ignorant, and reveals a poor understanding of much that Freud taught. The translation is by H. T. Lowe-Porter.

ON JUDGING BOOKS, *In General and in Particular*, by Francis Hackett. \$4.00. *John Day*. Mr. Hackett opens his book with a group of essays on criticism "in general." The longest in the group deals with the state of literary criticism in contemporary America. There are some fine paragraphs in it, but there are also some unintelligible pages, brimming with literary allusions of the most recondite sort and heavy laden with cryptic phrases. The same, alas, is true of the other essays, especially of a paper on Joyce that barely makes sense. In the second part of the book Mr. Hackett reprints some of the reviews he wrote for the *New York Times*, for whom he was Thursday-Saturday critic in 1944-1945. He should have done a bit more selecting, for among these reviews are a goodly number that appear profound but actually say very little. But there are many more here that are easily among the best pieces of short criticism that have ever appeared in this country. They reveal learning, grace of style, brilliance of analysis, tenderness and the vast charity that a truly distinguished literary man possesses. He is especially happy in his poetry and fiction reviews. Those dealing with Dowson, O. Henry, Emily Dickinson, Quiller-Couch, Dunsany, and Liam O'Flaherty are perfect examples of what such pieces should be. Mention

must also be made of his analysis of the "humor" of H. Allen Smith. It is perhaps a classic of quiet, brief, critical execution.

MISCELLANEOUS

YANK — THE GI STORY OF THE WAR, selected and edited by Debs Myers, Jonathan Kilbourn and Richard Harrity. \$5.00. *Duell, Sloan and Pearce*. This is a chronological account of World War II in terms of articles, poems, photographs and drawings that first appeared in *Yank, the Army Weekly*. The book is excellent. One hopes that in the near future several more volumes of a similar nature will be published. The pictures couldn't be better. The writing is clear, vigorous, honest, happily free of the phony prose of such men as Ira Wolfert, Quentin Reynolds, John Hersey and the other "artist journalists."

FULL MOON, by P. G. Wodehouse. \$2.00. *Doubleday*. Public indignation over Wodehouse's alleged acceptance of Nazism when he was in France during the war induced a certain chariness of him among publishers here. A trial balloon in the form of a new Jeeves book last year apparently proved that the public was either convinced of his innocence, or no longer cared. In any case, *Full Moon* is the second postwar Wodehouse, and two more are scheduled. This one is a Blandings Castle story, with the same old woollen-headed English aristocrats, beautiful, brainless fluff-puffs, and frighteningly complicated plot — in brief, it's the same old Wodehouse, except that it is history he is writing now.

THE LAST TRUMP, by Denis de Rougemont. \$2.00. *Doubleday*. This is a discussion of the atomic bomb and the new age it has so violently introduced. De Rougemont's point is that it is an absurdity to discuss control of the bomb — only the control of man can provide a solution to current international conflicts which are pointing directly at another war. He says that when he sees everywhere the orientation of statesmen, admirals and the people toward war, "... well, then, my friend, I smile: that's my new way of being serious." The effect is to make one a little ashamed of being a member of the species.

THE OPEN FORUM



A FURTHER NOTE ON THE HANGOVER

SIR: The Reverend Alson J. Smith had some interesting points in his "New Facts About the Hangover," published in the April *AMERICAN MERCURY*. As a representative of the licensed beverage industry, I would like to add a few facts on the subject of problem drinking that may be of interest to your readers.

According to a recent Gallup Poll, two out of every three American adults drink alcoholic beverages. Most Americans drink moderately. A few drink too much, and a very small minority gets into serious trouble with alcohol. World history, including the Bible, says that this has been true since man first tasted nature's fermented fruit — and found he liked it. The human record says it straight and clearly: Men will drink, and some of them will become problems — under any system. The practical question we decide by law is *not*: Shall we become "Wet" or "Dry," but: Shall we have legal liquor or illegal liquor?

The scientists who have specialized in studying man's use of alcoholic beverages appear to be generally agreed on certain important facts:

Dr. E. M. Jellinek, director of the Yale School of Alcohol Studies, reports that 95 per cent of those who drink in our country remain moderate drinkers throughout their lives, and show no ill effects of any kind. Three quarters of the remaining five per cent are what Dr. Jellinek calls "excessive drinkers" — people who, for a variety of reasons, drink too much. . . . Most of them can and should learn to practice moderation.

But the real crux of the problem is that about *one per cent* of those who drink turn out to be problem drinkers, or alcoholics, as they are loosely called. This one per cent reacts abnormally to alcohol in any form. If they take it, they can't leave it alone: their disorders seem to

make it impossible for them to control their drinking. Until a permanent cure is discovered, this one per cent must learn to avoid alcohol in any form, just as diabetics must learn to avoid sugar. But we recognize that we can't cure diabetics by prohibiting sugar to the general public.

Similarly, it should be clear from our experience with Prohibition, that we can't cure the one per cent who are chronic drinkers by denying legal alcoholic beverages to the vast majority who can and do enjoy them in moderation without ill effect and even with potential benefit. . . .

Our jails were never intended to be medical institutions for the care of the sick. Existing laws should be amended to recognize that problem drinkers are a medical problem, who need study, care and rehabilitation. . . . You can help to achieve this goal by letting your elected officials know that you want them to call the doctor for the chronic drinker, who is a sick man — not the patrol wagon.

THOMAS F. MCCARTHY

*President, Licensed Beverage Industries
New York City.*

THE GI IN FRANCE

SIR: I should like to applaud Waverley Root's article, "Are the French Immoral?" published in the June *AMERICAN MERCURY*, and also to add a note of my own. I was stationed in France for nine months with the American Army in the closing period of the war. During that time I heard from other GIs a vast amount of abuse directed against French customs, morals and traditions. American soldiers in Paris used to parade the streets openly poking fun at French manners, even at the French language.

Anything that wasn't done in France just as it had been in the old home town (the GI looks

awfully provincial the minute he lands on foreign soil) was apt to bring forth a roar of derision from a few drunken Americans. Many of them acted as though Paris was one big circus being put on for their exclusive benefit. Most of the Frenchmen were too courteous, or in some cases too frightened, to remonstrate, but if they ever did they would probably be told to mind their own business, and reminded that, "We won the war for you, didn't we?" American soldiers openly addressed Frenchmen as "Frogs."

As one Frenchman told me: "The Americans and Germans were both arrogant. But the Germans at least were arrogant in a quiet way."

MERTON STICKLEY

Dallas, Tex.

HELL DEBUNKED

SIR: There has been much discussion recently as to whether there is a hell. According to the following Bible verses, there is no life after death:

Psalms 145-20, 146-4, 104-29; Isaiah 36-12; Acts 3-23; Ezekiel 18-4; Job 7-9, 3-17; Ecclesiastes 9-5, 10, 3-19, 20.

Fear of hell does not prevent crime: less than one per cent of our prisons' inmates are atheists.

CLARA DWIGHT FULTON

Osborn, O.

JOHN L. LEWIS

SIR: I wish to congratulate you on the timeliness and excellence of your article on John L. Lewis by Will Chasan in the May AMERICAN MERCURY. As a defender of free enterprise and as an owner of a small industrial concern I was cognizant of a few of the facts Mr. Chasan pointed out, but the additional revelations regarding his tactics and practices are important considerations to every thinking American.

I have taken the liberty of forwarding a copy of the article to my Congressman as well as to both of my Senators, calling their attention to the vicious leadership of this labor baron whose policy of "complete imperviousness to such considerations as law and public opinion" has gone far toward convincing the American public that controls must be placed upon labor unions. Surely the great liberal founders of the labor movement, such as Samuel Gompers, must be restless in their graves when such petty tyrants as John L. Lewis threaten to destroy the hard-fought gains acquired by American laboring men.

BEN GILLON

Los Angeles, Cal.

FASCISTS AND COMMUNISTS

SIR: Upon reading James Burnham's article, "The Goal of Soviet Policy," in the April 1947 MERCURY, it struck me that we've had plenty of the cry "Communist" since the war, but too little mention of those equally deadly termites, the native brand of fascist. I suggest that Burnham now turn his searchlight on the latter category of enemies of democracy. . . .

LV L. MILLER

Salem, Ore.

PSYCHOSOMATIC MEDICINE

SIR: [Regarding the article, "Report on Psychosomatic Medicine," by Milton L. Zisowitz in THE AMERICAN MERCURY of January 1947:] It seems timely to call to Mr. Zisowitz's attention . . . that the public's distrust of that field may be due partly to the disingenuousness of its propagandists. Some of the claims are misleading, and a good many points, on which even laymen may be informed, are simply ignored. For instance, the theory of unconsciously directed accidents was not "discovered" by Dr. Dunbar, nor is it at all new—it was propounded by Freud in *The Psychopathology of Everyday Life*. The relation of gastric juice secretions and emotional states, at least as it is worked out by Cannon (and I presume Dr. Wolff's work does not contradict his) is far from explaining the relation of emotion to ulcers—Cannon found that adrenalin inhibits the flow of gastric juice, including hydrochloric acid, whereas ulcer patients have an excess of hydrochloric acid. Why adrenalin should result at some times in the blushing of rage and at others in the pallor of fear has never been explained. Nor is it clear what a psychiatrist can do about physiological disturbances which have become chronic and resulted in bodily disorders.

Another point which deserves attention: has any research been conducted on the physically healthy population as a control group to determine whether psychiatrists might not find that 80 per cent of them need treatment? We must remember that Freud said that all of us are a little nervous. To some of us, too, the success, qualified as it is, of the shock treatment for schizophrenia casts some doubt on the whole theory of psychogenesis. If removal of the symptoms of a disease requires removal of their cause, it should not work.

Meanwhile, according to *Time*, the death rate

from gastric cancer is steadily increasing. One wonders whether the increase may not result from the knowledge of physicians that "nervousness" affects the gastrointestinal system. Early cancer is supposed to be difficult to diagnose; and I personally know of one case that was not diagnosed until it had spread to most organs, including the liver, so that operation was hopeless. Perhaps what we really need are fewer amateur psychiatrists in doctors' offices. . . .

I actually believe there is something in psychosomatic medicine. But when I read sweeping claims that take no account of the tentativeness of most knowledge in the field, I am not surprised that most people distrust it.

MRS. LINO BARTOLI

Waco, Tex.

SIR: I should like to discuss the points which Mrs. Bartoli makes one by one.

(1.) Neither Dr. Flanders Dunbar nor I maintain that she "discovered" (Mrs. Bartoli's quotes) that emotional disturbances sometimes cause accidents. The article simply points out that Dr. Dunbar, during many years of clinical experience and research, gathered empirical evidence which pointed to their relationship. I clearly stated that the work of Freud was one of the fundamental bases upon which the whole psychosomatic approach to medicine rests.

(2.) Recent research throws considerable doubt upon the assumption that ulcers are caused simply by an excess of hydrochloric acid. Wolff's work indicates that it is more likely that in cases of ulcer, something has happened to make the stomach walls less resistant to the digestive juices which are always present there. I refer Mrs. Bartoli to the work of Dr. Franz Alexander for a fuller discussion of the effect of psychological disturbances upon stomach ulcers.

(3.) Mrs. Bartoli is confused about Cannon's work on the relations between emotions and the secretion of adrenalin. Adrenalin does not *cause* emotions—it is the emotions which cause the adrenal glands to secrete their juices.

(4.) I fully agree that a psychiatrist, alone, cannot treat a physical condition which has already made inroads upon one's health. As a matter of fact, I said so in my article. I thought I had made it quite clear that the psychosomatic approach insists that physicians in all the specialties must work together. Certainly, the ulcer must be treated by the internist or the surgeon, but the psychiatrist, or the general practitioner with some training in psychiatry, must also treat the person who has the ulcer.

(5.) It is true that the success of shock treatments has discomfited those who cling wholeheartedly to the theory of psychogenesis. But a large number of psychiatrists who use shock treatments feel that they must be combined with psychotherapy in order to be fully effective.

(6.) If Mrs. Bartoli's point about "amateur psychiatrists in doctors' offices" means that she wants doctors to do a thorough job of diagnosis before they conclude that a patient's ailment is psychosomatic in nature, I fully agree with her. If she means, however, that doctors should not consider the possibility of personality and emotional disorders in diagnosing their patients, I disagree with her. Doctors interested in the psychosomatic approach do not want "amateur psychiatrists in doctors' offices." They do want all doctors to be given sufficient training and experience in psychiatry to enable them to diagnose not only a patient's bodily ailments, but his psychological and his psychosomatic ailments too. Only then, will patients be able to receive the best possible medical diagnosis and care.

MILTON L. ZISOWITZ

New York City.

MORE THUNDER OUT OF CHINA

SIR: Quite by coincidence I had just finished reading *Thunder Out of China* by White and Jacoby when I received the January MERCURY, containing Bertram D. Wolfe's article "China's Fate." Although Mr. Wolfe's statement is cleverly written, it is difficult to believe that many of his comments are germane to the book. I also feel that so deep was his animus that certain of his remarks should not be allowed to go by unchallenged.

Mr. Wolfe began his article with an attack on "the new White-Jacoby work [which] bears certain telltale stigmata: to wit, the Communists are 'not really Communists' but 'agrarian democrats'; they have no connection with Moscow but make their own line." Perhaps if he had carefully read the book he so freely criticizes, he would have found the following on page 234: "The Chinese Communists [say White and Jacoby] flatly reject the assumption of many American friends that they are merely agrarian reformers, not Communists at all. They insist they are Communists in the full sense of the word, and they are proud of it." I agree with Mr. Wolfe, however, that "they [the Communists] have an organic tie-up with Russia." White and Jacoby reveal quite a degree of naïveté when

they say on page 45: "By now [after the long march from South China to Yenan in 1935] they had become an independent organization; their ties with Moscow were nominal." Although Stalin may have maintained diplomatically-correct relations with Chiang, the fabulous prize of a future Communist China has always been before his eyes, and there is little likelihood of his ardor for the Mao group cooling.

Mr. Wolfe's statement that "more than 50 per cent of the [Chinese] farmers own their own land" needs to be clarified. What percentage of the total arable land does this group of Chinese farmers own? The findings of Ch'en Han-seng in his *Landlord and Peasant in China* (1936) indicate that concentration of land is steadily increasing. I am also reminded of certain figures by Mao Tse-tung, when he was secretary of the Peasants Committee of the Kuomintang in 1926 and supervised the collection of data on this very topic. Edgar Snow, in *Red Star Over China*, on page 78, says: — "He [Mao] asserts that this investigation indicated that resident landlords, rich peasants, officials, absentee landlords and usurers, about 10 per cent of the whole rural population, together owned over 70 per cent of the cultivable land in China. About 15 per cent was owned by middle peasants. But over 65 per cent of the rural population, made up of poor peasants, tenants, and farm workers, owned only from 10 per cent to 15 per cent of the total arable land." If Mr. Wolfe does not care to accept Mao's statistics, what are the sources of his data?

Mr. Wolfe's statistics on the average size of a Chinese farm being "four to five acres" must again be compared with Ch'en Han-seng's data. According to Ch'en, one third of the peasant families in Kwangtung Province, one of the rich agricultural provinces, own less than five mows (a mow is less than an acre); nearly one half of the peasant families are entirely landless; more than 60 per cent of all the land cultivated is rented from landlords. In the end, Mr. Wolfe does admit "that some large families have mere vegetable gardens of less than one acre to live on," but this is quite an understatement to anyone familiar with the Chinese agrarian problem. . . .

Mr. Wolfe's statement that there is in them (Chiang's speeches) "no single utterance that would have stuck in Dr. Sun's throat" is absurd. What counts in this world is the deed, not the spoken word. The abyss between these two in Kuomintang China is terrific. Somehow I believe that Chiang's Chinese Gestapo would have "stuck in Dr. Sun's throat" if he were alive to-

day. Need I point out the anguish of Sun Fo and Madame Sun Yat-sen. I am reminded of the story of I. R. Sues in her *Shark's Fins and Millet*, in which she describes the Chiangs as giving "democracy" to China, from the top down, in much the same way as candy is given to a baby, if, as, and when it deserves it, with the understanding that the gift will be removed if the child becomes obstreperous. Somehow I feel that Sun's concept of democracy is the very antithesis of Chiang's authoritarian beliefs. . . .

When Mr. Wolfe asks the question: "Do they [the Communists] practice terror and one-party dictatorship?" and then says that books "of the White-Jacoby type neither clearly ask nor honestly answer" them, he should refresh his memory by a thorough rereading of Chapter 15 of that book. On Page 236 the authors speak of the "3-3-3 system" by which the Chinese Communists (due to the need to maintain the united front) have limited their representation in the various governing councils to one-third of the total number. This does not mean that Communist influence is not all-pervasive, for in politics clever tactics can and undoubtedly have been used to achieve control. However, I am not aware of any oppositional liquidation in "Red China." . . .

Mr. Wolfe asks: "Will the Civil War be terminated by the Communists' consenting [with Russia's consent] to become a political party, like any other, taking its chances with the vote of the people in a unified China able to settle issues by the methods of democracy, free from the arbitrament of guns?" As far as I have been able to determine no political party, other than the Kuomintang, has legal status in China. "Vote of the people" — what strange words to use in connection with Chiang's China which never has witnessed such an event, even on the lowest of political levels! What has happened to those members of the Democratic League who dared to speak out against Chiang and the Kuomintang? Is it any wonder that the Communists refuse to disarm until Chiang gives concrete evidence of a change of heart?

Mr. Wolfe's rancor for Communism has led him into the mistake of embracing the other extremity — the Kuomintang dictatorship. Admittedly the problem admits of no easy solution. What is needed is more factual information and a sincere desire to understand China and her problems, and to substitute these for the partisan approach and shallow thinking.

MALCOLM E. BONDY

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SIR: Mr. Bondy has taken upon himself the thankless task of trying to justify a fundamentally dishonest book. White and Jacoby wanted to serve as apologists for Chinese Communism, yet cover themselves against the charge that they were doing so. Hence it is easy for Mr. Bondy to pick out "cover-up" sentences. But Mr. Bondy is too honest to let it go at that, wherefore his letter is largely self-refuting and confirmatory of my main points. Thus White and Jacoby could quote the Chinese Communists as saying that they are "Communists in the full sense of the word," because all Communist Parties have gone through that same recent change of line, the latest turn ordered by the "dissolved" Comintern. That statement was the analogue of the American Party's "break with Browderism."

But my main point, that the Chinese Communist Party is *organically tied up with Moscow*, and not an "independent organization," is confirmed by Mr. Bondy, who agrees with me and not with White and Jacoby. He calls them "naïve." Having carefully studied the structure of their book, I would use a harsher term.

So do Mr. Bondy's figures on agriculture tend to confirm my main point and not refute it. My point was that it is not large estates and the need for redivision of the land that is the key to China's agrarian reconstruction, but that division and redivision of the land into "pocket handkerchief farms" is China's main problem. This has since been confirmed afresh by joint reports by Dean Claude Hutchison's American mission and the Chinese Department of Agriculture:

"Population pressure has led to the division of the land into small holdings on which many peasants find it difficult to feed their families, let alone supply food for the cities. . . . The average Chinese farm for all China is said to be almost five acres, but there is only one fifth of an acre available per farm inhabitant (compared with thirty acres per farm inhabitant in the United States)."

That is why we can have, and do have, a higher farm tenantry percentage than China, and yet have food aplenty, whereas in China 45 per cent own their own land, an additional 25 per cent are part owners and part renters — and yet misery is universal. The mission recommended plans to increase the yield 50 per cent, to improve roads and marketing, flood and drought control, credits, etc., but *all of these recommendations require a period of peace and reconstruction.*

It is not my desire to endorse everything the Central Government has done, is doing or will do. I know too well that war brings forth profiteering, corruption, brutality and evil, that civil

war compounds those evils and endless war multiplies them endlessly. But it is my contention that the Central Government under Chiang Kai-shek represents an attempt to preserve the integrity and independence of China, and, when peace makes it possible, to undertake its reconstruction and democratization. The Communist Party represents an agency of a foreign power, interested in keeping China in turmoil and chopping off pieces. And the Communist Party, once it got into a coalition government or into sole power, would aim not at democratization but at a permanent police state in peace time, at forced labor, at totalitarianism, and, above all, at subordination to, then annexation by, Soviet Russia.

It approved the seizure of Manchuria by Japan when Russia's relations with Japan required it. It is now beginning, together with the army of Soviet Mongolia, a squeeze play upon Inner Mongolia. And, with Russian encouragement, it is trying to detach Manchuria.

The future of China, the future of Asia and the world, depend on China's integrity and independence. Peace, reconstruction, roads, railroads, dams, are China's main needs. Only such a program can end the mass starvation and unite the country with something more than "a rope of sand." Not Chiang, but Sun Yat-sen originally developed the railway and road plan, and even resigned his presidency to become Minister of Communications. But then, as now, foreign interference, civil war, attempts at regional secession, compelled him to abandon construction.

By January, when my article was published, a third of China's railways had been torn up, and half her highways were unserviceable. Since then the Communists have continued to derail trains, burn boxcars, conscript peasants to burn ties, blow up signal apparatus, and reduce bridges and rails to twisted masses of wreckage. With every break in roads and rails and bridges and flood barriers, famine increases, and the burden upon children yet unborn becomes greater. Even in peace the reconstruction of such a poor country is a fearful labor.

Mr. Bondy has ventured to mention the "anguish of Sun Fo." In January, as my article appeared, Sun was making one more appeal to the Communists to agree to peace. When the appeal failed, he had this to say in his anguish:

"The Communists are blackmailing the country with the threat of (renewed) civil war. They do not care how much suffering they cause the people." (See the New York Times for January 19, 1947.)

Brooklyn, N. Y.

BERTRAM D. WOLFE



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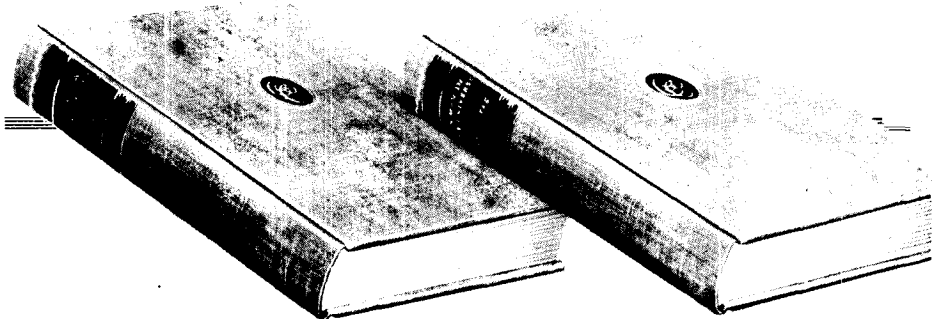
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